JAWS II

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JAWS II

FADE IN

1 UNDERWATER - SEA BOTTOM - DAY 1

A pair of divers, one in a black suit and one wearing orange, search for lobster in the nooks and crannies of a rock formation. Black Suit carries a camera with strobe light. Orange Suit has a canvas bag clipped to his belt. He flushes out a large lobster and holds it up...an admiring "Hmm!" from Black Suit, who brings up his camera and focuses. A funny pose with the lobster and -- flash! -- Black Suit takes the shot, and moves off to try another spot -- and gives another "Hmm!" -- there's a length of heavy rope, frayed and overgrown with algae. It leads across the bottom. They follow it through rocks...and suddenly the bottom is no longer there. The rope cascades down, disappearing in the gloom beyond the lip of a cliff. They check their depth gauges, surprised to find this sudden dropoff leading down to God knows where. They follow the line down. Seaweed hangs from a ruined metal barrel strung on the line. They proceed further down ---

2 THE ORCA 2

The line is leading them to a hulking shape...its outline clearer now...a sunken boat! A battered, algae-covered wreck, lying on its side in the depths. The gentle back-and-forth of the water sways a forest of eelgrass and creaks the cables of the rigging. Excited hums and whinnies from the divers, and Black Suit rubs at the green muck on the prow, revealing the boat's name: ORCA! Animated nods and gestures -- they recognize it, and what a find, and salvage rights for the two of them! Clowning elatedly, Orange Suit turns a somersault, then whips out his knife and begins to scratch their claim on the hull.

Black Suit moves off alone to explore their prize. The slant of the deck is disorienting. He swims into the dark entrance to the cabin. Scratching noises from the knife are amplified in the water. Junk floats against the cabin ceiling.

Orange Suit finishes writing "CLAIMED BY J. MONATO & M. LAUB." He looks around for his friend and doesn't see him. Swimming over the wreck he looks into the broken windows of the cabin. Something's moving in the darkness. He enters through the window. The lid of a hatch swings soundlessly back and forth. Light from the cabin door barely penetrates the dark chamber.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED 2

No sign of his buddy. Silence except for his breathing and the soft steady creaking of metal rigging. He fins toward the open door and suddenly, lurching into his face, is Black Suit, screaming wildly. He's found a huge skillet, several bottles of soda, and some booze.

Orange Suit grabs the liquor and indicates it's time to go back up. As they rise slowly, he mimes (for his buddy's camera) drinking from the bottle -- and accidentally drops it. Groaning, he swims quickly down, snatching it before it lands. A flash goes off and he turns smiling up into the camera, and there he sees to his horror, his buddy in the jaws of a Great White, a cloud of blood half-obscuring them. A moment of staring-eyed hesitation and then, knife poised, he fins toward the Shark...which tosses aside the dead man and now swiftly seizes on him...a thrashing, a glimpse of the knife dropping, and the end of him dimly seen through the darkening water.

TITLES

3 EXT. AMITY ROAD - DAY 3

Martin Brody's squad car specus past the Amity billboard, weather-stained, peeling and flaking in the strong May sunshine. Over the wind we hear snatches of a speech-making voice on a P. A. system.

4 INT. SQUAD CAR - BRODY 4

has the look of a survivor who will never shake off the memory of what he survived. He passes:

5 BEACHSIDE COTTAGES 5

closed and in disrepair. A faded upside-down FOR RENT sign in one of the windows. The o.s. voice continues --

6 BOARDINGHOUSE 6

Its only sign of life an old woman, bundled up and sitting on a rocking chair near the steps, her face raised to the sun. The o.s. voice continues --

7 THE BEACH 7

No people, just a few stray dogs chasing each other and rooting in the sand. Dominating the beach is a 50-foot-high metal

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED 7

shark tower. As the o.s. voice elicits a distant patter of applause, Brody arrives at:

8 EXT. SWIMMING POOL AND GROUNDS OF AMITY SHORES 8

where a ceremony is taking place: above the speech-maker --Mayor Vaughan-- stretches a banner reading AMITY SHORES, INC. and applauding around the pool are the leading townsmen of Amity and their friends.

Behind Mayor Vaughan is his wife, caught up in the prevailing mood, and their son, Reeves.

The newly-built pool is on the grounds of a housing project in construction. Beyond the buffet table is the high school band.

Prominent at the poolside is Brody's family: his wife Ellen, and his sons Mike (15) and Sean (7) fidgeting. Brody slips through the crowd to join them.

VAUGHAN
And so, before we inaugurate this lovely new swimming facility, I'd like to say, on behalf of my fellow Amity-ites....

BRODY
(simultaneously whispering to Ellen)
Sorry I'm late. I got a call from the Coast Guard.

Ellen slips her arm around him.

VAUGHAN
(continuing)
...how grateful we are to Resort Enterprises and their representative here, our new neighbor Len Peterson ---

Applause and whistles as the man beside him waves acknowledgement. Leonard Peterson, about 50, is an impressive looking man with an air of good-humored irony.

VAUGHAN
-- not just for making this pool available to us, I mean for everything.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED 8

VAUGHAN (Cont'd)
By casting an eye on our little town and coming to develop Amity Shores here, well, that's going to give us a whole new lease on life -- and after a few of the toughest years this town's ever had, we're not too proud I hope to admit it!

Applause. Next to Brody is a thirtyish gym teacher and skin-diving instructor, Tom Andrews. The Mayor's speech continues in the b.g. as Andrews smiles at Brody and gestures at the pool ---

ANDREWS
(whispering)
Perfect, huh?

BRODY
Two divers from Dutch Harbor are missing.

ANDREWS
Who?

BRODY
Don't know. The Coast Guard found their boat. Beer, some uppers, no divers.

ANDREWS
(already suspects)
What was the name of their boat?

BRODY
The Sea something.

ANDREWS
The Sea Dart?
(Brody nods)
I knew those guys. I dove with them once.

Andrews stares somberly into the water; Brody's thinking, as:

VAUGHAN
(continues)
...and Len estimates that within a few months he'll have fifty condominium units completed and occupied --
(plows on through a smattering of applause)
-- and twice that many again in another few months!

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED - 2 8

More applause. Vaughan continues o.s. as:

BRODY
(emphatically)
So you're going to have the kids skin-dive here in this pool. Aren't you Tom.

ANDREWS
Not Mike and his group, they've done their pool work. He'll be taking his open-water Junior soon. Open-water -- you know, in the ocean.

BRODY
In the ocean. Not Mike.

ANDREWS
(shakes his head, laughing)
Come on Martin, we went through this when you signed the form.

BRODY
In fact, I don't want him diving at all.

Brody's son is overhearing, taking it in stride.

ANDREWS
He's the best of my juniors, Mike! First-rate diving material!

BRODY
Were your two friends from Dutch Harbor first-rate diving material too?

ANDREWS
They weren't my friends. A couple of spaced out machos. Probably stoned and weren't watching their air. Maybe got stuck in a cave or a net...anything could've happened with those guys!

BRODY
With both of them?

Andrews shrugs: yes, conceivably with both of them. Brody concedes -- it's possible.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED - 3 8

VAUGHAN
(continuing)
-- and next year, God willing, another set of fine condominiums, real homes for people with fireplaces, round-the-clock tennis courts, an eighteen-hole golf course and for some of you younger friskier marrieds like the Brodys over there and maybe this'll get his attention, yes I see it has -- we even have plans for -- a jacuzzi!
(Brody joins in the general laughter. Ellen pretends to blush, covers her face)
But seriously, folks, we're gonna be back on our feet, we're gonna be back on top as a secure family-oriented resort community and that's why we say
(over crescendo of applause, Brody clapping too)
Welcome, Amity Shores! We say welcome, Amity Shores!

A fanfare from the band cuts across the applause, and we see the town's five Selectmen, in bathrobes, lining up dutifully at the other end of the pool, Officer Hendricks beside them.

VAUGHAN
Ready? Okay!
(as they take off their robes and stand shivering)
Here, to make this opening a hundred percent official --
(over whistles and laughter)
I give you the Amity Board of Selectmen!

HENDRICKS
(raising his pistol)
On your mark...get set....

He fires, and they flop in. As they do their laps, the band playing a gallop and their fellow townsmen cheering them on, we close in on Brody. He's not entertained, he's just looking at the splashing arms and legs.

DISSOLVE TO

8-A WATCHTOWER 8-A

High above the beach, perched atop the fifty-foot shark tower, Brody watches the activity below.

The season's first bathers carefully toe the water. It's still too cold, except for a few hearty souls...like Harry, the old guy from the first picture wearing "one crazy hat," who streaks past to plunge into the icy surf.

Len Peterson, of Amity Shores, Inc., appears at the base of the tower. His Mercedes waits near Brody's squad car with its door open -- someone sits in the front seat.

PETERSON
(calling up)
Chief!

BRODY
Yeah? Oh, hiya Mr. Peterson. You want to see me?

PETERSON
Several potential buyers are coming here on Sunday. I'll be running groups over every weekend.

BRODY
(starts to climb down)
Fine, I'll make sure everything's tidied up, no uncollected garbage or anything.

PETERSON
I wonder if this could be taken down?

BRODY
It's permanent.

PETERSON
What do you watch from it? Been nothing for two or three years.

BRODY
Nothing we've been able to see.

PETERSON
That's exactly what it makes people feel.

CONTINUED

8-A CONTINUED 8-A

BRODY
(arriving at his side)
If it were up to me, Mr. Peterson, I wouldn't only have a watchtower, I'd have that water protected with a ring of steel from the beach to fifty yards out.
(they walk toward the car)
Wouldn't cost all that much either. One-hundred-gauge steel mesh with concrete blocks at the bottom.

PETERSON
Any time off for good behavior?

BRODY
I know how it sounds, but I know this too...years ago the water was full of fish, plenty for sharks to eat. Now, fewer fish and the water's full of people. Know what I mean?

They've reached the beach road. Mayor Vaughan sits in Peterson's car.

BRODY
Hi Larry, didn't see you.

VAUGHAN
Staying in here where it's warm. Are you still pushing that beach plan?? You know we can't afford it.

BRODY
I thought he might be interested.
(starting for his car)
Think it over, Mr. Peterson.

PETERSON
Kind of intense about it, isn't he.

CONTINUED

8-A CONTINUED - 2 8-A

VAUGHAN
Don't mind the Chief. He gets like that every year at this time. You can understand why.
(pause)
He's a good man though, Len.

PETERSON
You don't seem so sure of it.

DISSOLVE TO

8-A-1 EXT. AMITY - DAY - BRODY PATROLS HIS TOWN 8-A-1

He views with mixed feelings signs that spring is further advanced. Trees are blooming, boats are being launched -- among them we notice one with a fresh coat of yellow paint being lowered into the water by Heller. Slipping out of his coat, he greets Brody.

HELLER
Hey, Martin, how you doing? Feel that sun...be summer before you know it...ain't you warm in that thing?

BRODY
No. I like to pretend it's still winter.

CUT TO

9 AMITY STREET - DAY 9

Two teenage bicyclists in "Andover" windbreakers, one of them Reeves Vaughan the Mayor's son, are trying to give Brody an argument as he writes them a citation.

REEVES
We didn't hit anyone.

BRODY
Yet.

REEVES
Be a sport, Chief! My dad'll kill me!

BRODY
I warned you last weekend, Reeves -- no riding on the sidewalk.
(hands him the citation)
My regards to the Mayor.

10 EXT. FERRY SLIP - NIGHT 10

Stillness, except for the bass thudding of the ferry's engine as it noses in and bumps into place. The doors open and footsteps clang down the gangway. Brody watches the first few tourists of the season stream through pools of light. Summer -- it's beginning.

DISSOLVE TO

11 DOCK - DAY - THE YELLOW BOAT 11

is filling with a party of four, beer, water-skis, an extra five gallon can of gas, fishpoles, lunch. Heller, his wife Dee and another couple have brought enough stuff for a trans-Atlantic crossing in their little boat.

HELLER
(donning a nautical cap)
Stand by to cast off.

DEE
Avast ye swabs! Port to Starboard! Yo Ho Heave Ho! Straight as she goes ---

HELLER
(breaking out the beer)
-- and a bottle of rum before and aft....

This nonsense fades as they chug away from the dock.

CUT TO

12 SEA OFF AMITY - PETERSON'S CABIN CRUISER 12

Heading toward the town...Peterson in a yachting cap, at the controls, spieling to the new group of prospective buyers -- two late-middle-age couples, a thirtyish couple with a Little Girl, and an Elderly Man with an expensive looking camera.

PETERSON
Over there's the harbor, been in use two hundred years, nearly... Quite a few sort of antique houses, too ---

At the cry of a pelican the Elderly Man looks up and aims his camera.

13 ELDERLY MAN 13

as he eagerly lines up his shot ---

PETERSON (o.s.)
How's it feel to breathe real air, huh?

A chorus of appreciative "mm's."

14 THE PELICAN 14

seen through his viewfinder: it wheels and dives full tilt straight down, smashing the water with a crazy suicidal splash -- the shutter clicks. The pelican emerges with a fish.

As we follow its circling ascent:

PETERSON (o.s.)
Honey, you want to steer the boat awhile?

The pelican dives again...the shutter clicks.

LITTLE GIRL (o.s.)
I don't like boats.

Laughter...the bird comes up with another fish. Another click. We follow its wheeling again.

PETERSON (o.s.)
She'll learn to like 'em in Amity! Little guys her age practically live in the water here ---

The pelican dives -- click!

PETERSON (o.s.)
Plenty to do and see for everybody, all ages. Well, you know our concept, let the place speak for itself.

Pause...the pelican has not come up...the Little Girl begins humming...it still doesn't come up.

15 ELDERLY MAN AND THE OTHERS 15

He's lowering his camera, looking out to sea, very puzzled, as Peterson's boat passes the yellow boat in the mouth of the harbor.

16 YELLOW BOAT - HELLER'S PARTY 16

As they clear the harbor mouth the other couple drops off the back of the boat with their black Fiberglas water-skis.

WOMAN
Okay, wait, wait, don't start yet.

HELLER
Say when.

DEE
Isn't it too crowded here?

HELLER
Yeah, I'll go over that way.

WOMAN
Watch me now, watch how I get up.

A false start --she's not very good-- and she's up.

17 ANGLE 17

They head out to a deserted stretch of water.

18 THE WATER SKIERS 18

WOMAN
Look, watch this!

Whooping and carrying on, she does a spastic, one-legged ballerina.

MAN
Oh, Boy! That's really -- terrible.

19 UNDERWATER - FROM SHARK'S POINT OF VIEW 19

Two pairs of black water-skis leave a frothy trail.

20 A FIN 20

appears in the water behind the skiers.

21 BOAT - DEE 21

is the first to spot it.

DEE
(stiffens)
Jesus Christ!

22 ANGLE 22

HELLER
Shark. A shark!

DEE
Oh God, do something.

HELLER
Get them the hell away from it.

He twists the throttle and the little boat jerks forward almost pulling the skiers off balance.

MAN
Hey! What the hell?

Then he too sees the fin.

At first, they try to outrun it.

WOMAN
I can't! I'll fall!! Please!
Please somebody help me.

23 BOAT - HELLER 23

is forced to slow down.

DEE
Can't we get them aboard?

24 THE SKIERS 24

sink a little in the water as the boat slows.

MAN
No! We can't stop!!

Heller speeds up. For an eternity the Shark seems content just to follow what is being so appetizingly trolled. They attempt a wide turn to head back toward land...the skiers screaming.

25 BEACH HOUSE DECK - AN OLD LADY 25

glances up from her book. From where she sits they seem to be having a wonderful time.

26 THE SKIERS 26

try to work their way hand-over-hand to the boat but as they approach safety the wake is too much for the woman and she loses her balance. The Shark strikes her as she falls. She is dragged for a few seconds through the water by the rope, then grabbed by her husband. She clings to him screaming in terror as the Shark hits her again. And again.

27 DEE AND HELLER 27

are crying and flinging clothes, picnic basket, an oar, everything they can lay their hands on at the Shark. He shouts at her to open the extra can of gasoline and pour some on a rag.

The man is doing his best to hang on to his wife, but he's losing her. He brutally takes a turn of her hair around his hand. The Shark, seemingly confident that its victims won't escape, is taking its time. It swims leisurely in for more.

WOMAN
BILLY! BILLY!!

She hugs his legs, begging him for help. The Shark brushes her with its head and drops back a few yards.

On the boat, Dee hysterically slops gas down her legs and on the deck. Heller crams the soaked rag into the mouth of the can.

In the water, the woman's no longer screaming. Billy looks down at her. Her face is a pallid mask. She's no longer aware who her husband is. She's dying. Billy can't stand it, it's too much for him and he loses his balance.

The Shark thrusts its powerful tail, coming in for the kill as Billy cartwheels awkwardly into the water, twisting, hugging, snarling in the tow-line in his pathetic determination to hold on to what is no longer the woman. The line snaps taut pulling his shoulder from its socket, raising a wide cloud of pink spray as they're dragged through the water sideways. No longer content with slashing bites, the Shark's jaws close on the woman and won't let go, its head vibrating from side to side. Billy is strangling in the line ---

Heller lights the soaked rag and heaves the five gallon can at the Shark.

A tremendous explosion of shrapnel, a ball of flame, and the enraged Shark crashes onto the stern of the boat with one side of its head aflame...sending Dee, the gas-soaked deck, and the boat's own tank up in blinding succession leaving nothing but smouldering, sinking mess to plunge to the bottom.

DISSOLVE TO

26 DUSK - THE AMITY P.D. BOAT 28

is fishing up a few pieces of what remains. A tangle of tow-line leads across the deck to a body covered with a sheet of black vinyl.

HENDRICKS
(on 2-way)
Yeah, just the one guy who got strangled in the line. Nothing much else to do here, Chief. A few cushions, some miscellaneous. We'll have to drag tomorrow for the others.

29 BEACH HOUSE - DECK - BRODY AND OLD LADY 29

BRODY
(on 2-way)
Better get started tonight.

HENDRICKS (o.s.)
But Chief -- this swell's coming up. And the current's moved everything anyway ---

BRODY
Tonight.

HENDRICKS (o.s.)
(groans)
Roger.

Brody turns back to the Old Lady.

BRODY
So, that's all you saw?

OLD LADY
That's all. One minute they were havin' a heck of a time and the next I knew the whole thing just blew to smithereens. Who were they? Off-islanders?

Brody looks out over the long expanse of water to the police boat silhouetted against the darkening sky.

BRODY
No, friends.

CUT TO

30 EXT. BRODY HOUSE - EVENING 30

Glad to be home, Brody turns into his driveway. There is a light from the garage. His sons Mike and Sean and Mike's chubby friend, Andy, are scrubbing a catamaran sailboat. Mike Brody is fifteen, very good-looking and knows it.

BRODY
(slowly getting out of his car)
What the hell is that?

MIKE
Doug let me have it cheap. A beaut isn't it? What's the matter?

BRODY
Nothing.

SEAN
(7 years old)
That old boat was too small. Mike said we couldn't race with that. I'm going with them.

MIKE
No you aren't.

ANDY
(wears heavy braces)
The guys run out to the lighthouse and back now, Mr. Brody. He needs this. It's much safer.

MIKE
This will be a racer, and the old boat leaks and I'm paying for this myself.

SEAN
I like it. Don't you like it, Dad?

BRODY
(turning to go in)
I don't want to talk about it now. I guess at least it's better than diving.

MIKE
You know I wish you'd believe Tom Andrews. Diving is safer than camping out or driving a car ---

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED 30

BRODY
Or parachute jumping.

CUT TO

31 INT. KITCHEN DINING AREA 31

Ellen turns the stove on to heat up his dinner.

BRODY
(pouring a drink)
I'm not too hungry.

ELLEN
Yeah, I heard. How did it happen?

BRODY
I wish I knew.

The three Kids stream through the kitchen on their way to get something from Mike's room. Sean hangs back and leans up against his father.

SEAN
Guess what, Dad?

BRODY
What?

SEAN
Andy's moving away. And his mother too.

BRODY
No kidding.

ELLEN
How come you're moving, Andy?

He tromps back in and rummages through the refrigerator.

ANDY
My mother got laid off again. Not enough work in the restaurant.

ELLEN
That's too bad. Mike'll miss you.

SEAN
Me too.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED 31

MIKE
(entering)
Miss him? Barf!

ELLEN
Can't she find another job?

BRODY
In this town?

ANDY
She's got a job on the mainland, I think, in the fall.

ELLEN
Maybe she could get a job here with the Amity Shores project before then. Martin says some people are getting work already, and if they really get rolling....

ANDY
...anyway, until this is all resolved, you won't mind if I sort of move into your refrigerator.

ELLEN
I thought you had.

Andy smiles, peanut butter sticking to his braces.

MIKE
He's selling his braces. Wanta buy them?

ELLEN
No thanks.

ANDY
Your loss.

The Kids go back outside, Andy dripping peanut butter and jelly across the kitchen floor.

ANDY
(going out the door)
Things'll never be the same without me, huh?

Brody sits in silence for a moment -- smiling, but involved in his own thoughts.

CUT TO

32 UNDERWATER - NIGHT - A LARGE METAL RAKE 32

scrapes along the ocean floor leaving clouds of silt in its wake. It rises toward the surface.

The P.D. Boat's searchlight scans the waves: the wind has risen sharply, whipping their crests to foam. Winching the rake to the stern, Hendricks frees it of seaweed and drops it back in.

CUT TO

33 INT. BRODY BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 33

Brody is awake. There's something he can't get out of his mind. He gets out of bed, pulls on his pants.

34 ON HIS DESK 34

is a photograph. He's smiling, shaking hands with Matt Hooper. And a plaque; "Martin Brody, Amity Man of the Year, 1975." Beyond the desk is the sea. A storm is coming. He unlocks a drawer and takes out: a box of .38 caliber hollow-point bullets, a twenty-five cc vial of sodium cyanide, and a disposable plastic syringe. From a cupboard in the dining room he gets a red candle. He turns the desk lamp on, opens the box of bullets. Carefully, one by one, he stands them on end.

CUT TO

35 AT SEA - MIDDLE OF NIGHT - THE P.D. BOAT 35

is still dragging.

HENDRICKS
Okay, pull her up.

They put the boat in neutral and start the winch. A few yards of line come up, then the winch grinds slowly to a stop with the weight of something very heavy.

HENDRICKS
(working its gears)
Damn this thing never works right.

Now the line begins to rise again, slowly tipping the boat, bringing its stern almost level with the waves from the weight of its burden.

HENDRICKS
Jesus, something really heavy.

What could be so heavy...a piece of the burned boat...a body?

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED 35

It's coming up. The searchlight finds it. They bring it closer. Great tendrals of kelp hang from the rake, obscuring what's underneath. Afraid of what he'll find, Hendricks carefully removes slippery weeds and discovers, draped across the rake's claws, a six-inch-thick insulated cable.

HENDRICKS
For Christ's sakes, it's the electric line from the mainland!
(he frees it and drops it back in)
I told him we'd never find anything in this weather.

ANOTHER OFFICER
One more time?

The P.D. Boat's lights cast eerie forms on the waves and it's cold -- Hendricks doesn't like it at all.

HENDRICKS
Let's get the hell out of here before we do find something.

CUT TO

36 BRODY'S DESK - LETHAL BLUE LIQUID 36

is drawn from the vial into the syringe. Brody inserts the needle into the hollow point of a bullet and fills it. He tips the candle, sealing the poison in with a drop of wax. A hand touches him.

ELLEN
For God's sake, Martin! What is the matter? Why are you doing that?

BRODY
Why do you think?

ELLEN
What I think doesn't matter. It's what you think.

BRODY
I want to ask you a question. Four people are...

ELLEN
We've been through this already.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED 36

BRODY
(carefully placing the prepared bullets back in the box)
Four people are out in a boat. It blows up with two of them in it. Okay. The other two are water-skiing behind it. What happens to them? Could they blow up? One of them is strangled in the tow-line. The other can't be found. What happened to that one?

ELLEN
I don't know.

BRODY
(locks box in drawer)
I'm asking you, doesn't that seem strange to you?

ELLEN
Yes, it does, but the whole incident is weird...Martin, come back to bed,
(going)
you're exhausted.

BRODY
I don't know what I am. All I know is what I'm afraid of.

He doesn't follow her.

CUT TO

37 EXT. PORCH - NIGHT 37

Brody comes out and walks to the water. Mike's old boat is banging against the dock with the rising swells. It's half full of water. Brody walks along the beach.

CUT TO

38 BEACH - NIGHT - SNOW FENCE 38

Billowing clouds and a steady surf breaking, high tide is rolling in...the bell in a buoy rings with each surge. Along the deserted flotsam-littered shore, darkly communing with himself, plods Brody.

39 POINT OF VIEW FROM THE WATER 39

Something unseen keeps slow pace with him.

40 BEACH - BRODY 40

stops, and looks out to sea, the source of his haunting fears and nightmarish memories. After a moment he walks on, then stops and turns. He's seen something in the surf, he's curious...peering, he walks out onto the wet sand. We see it now, near the buoy, a large piece of something bright yellow. From the boat? Brody can't tell, steps out farther, water's flowing over his shoes, he hardly notices.

The waves aren't bringing it in, he looks around for a stick, a pole...nothing...he'll have to wade out for it. Three steps and he's up to his knees. He backs away as a wave breaks, then goes forward again, keeping his eye on the yellow object. Slower now, almost parallel with it,,,another wave is coming... and suddenly a black shape lunges upon him from a wave. He cries out, striking blindly at it ---

41 A BODY 41

burned beyond recognition.

42 BRODY 42

stands there panting...then, appalled by what he must do, he forces himself to approach the thing rolling in the sea.

43 UNDERWATER 43

Brody's legs moving toward the body.

44 BRODY 44

closes his eyes and grabs. The thing comes apart. Gasping he rushes from the water.

45 UNDERWATER 45

Brody's legs pump out of reach.

CUT TO

46 INT. BRODY'S OFFICE - GRAY LIGHT 46

Brody and his elderly secretary Polly (she's wearing signs of having been summoned in the middle of the night) are filling out a mountain of forms. Coroner Santos comes in.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED 46

CORONER
Wind's dying down.

BRODY
Well?

CORONER
(dictating to Polly)
Minor lacerations, complete charring of the body.

BRODY
Lacerations??

CORONER
Not from what you think.

He places a plastic bag containing several small pieces of jagged metal on the desk in front of Brody.

CORONER
These were embedded.

47 ANGLE - METAL PIECES 47

Brody turns them in his hand.

BRODY (o.s.)
Gasoline can.

POLLY
What do you think Chief?

He doesn't answer.

CORONER
A false alarm now would break this town.

BRODY
So would a shark attack.

POLLY
(pause)
Well, what's the decision?

CORONER
If you're suspicious Martin, close the beaches.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED 4

BRODY
I am suspicious! But dammit, there's no proof and if I'm wrong how's this town going to make it through the summer?

CUT TO

48 MAIN STREET - BRIGHT DAY - TWO HOT YOUNG THINGS 4

one pretty, one plain, swing along looking in shop windows and keeping an eye open for local boys. Reeves Vaughan cycles past

REEVES
See anything you like?

BROOKE
(the plain one, sourly)
Not you, certainly.

REEVES
Who's talking to you.

ANGELA
(the pretty one)
Don't make the attempt, sir.

He cycles off.

CUT TO

49 DOCK - MIKE BRODY'S CATAMARAN

A considerable amount of work has been done on the new sailboa Sean Brody sits on the dock throwing pieces of hotdog to a school of small fish. He watches his older brother Mike hang over the water to screw in supports for a fire extinguisher. cassette player is mounted on the mast. Andy selects a tape. Music.

SEAN
Gee, that'll be neat when we're out on the water.

ANDY
What do you mean we?

SEAN
I can come with you, can't I Mike?

MIKE
Sometimes, but let's get this straight, Nudge, fundamentally this boat is for one thing and one thing only.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED 49

SEAN
Yeah...what?

MIKE
Making out.

SEAN
(oily)
Oh....

ANDY
See these cushions? You know what they're for?

SEAN
They're lifesavers.

Mike and Andy crack up.

MIKE
They sure are.
(crooning under his breath)
Don't look now, but...mammaries....

ANDY
(whirling around)
Where?

MIKE
I said don't look!

They busy themselves about the boat. Mike eases the volume up on the music, and lounges on the bow casually dangling one hand in the water, very smooth. Andy adjusts his velvet hat to a more attractive angle.

MIKE
God damn this zit! Can you see it from where you are?

ANDY
(grinning slowly, wickedly)
Can you see my braces?

50 ANGELA AND BROOKE 50

are walking in their direction. They are indeed very well endowed -- although in different directions: Angela on top, Brooke on the bottom. They notice the boys, and pass by slowly, busying themselves in conversation.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED 50

SEAN
(yelling)
They're passing!

ANDY
Shut up!

SEAN
(whispering)
Say something!

MIKE
Hey, where are you girls from?

ANGELA
I beg your pardon?

MIKE
(smooth)
Where you from? Haven't seen you around before.

The girls exchange a look...snazzy boat, the chubby guy's kinda cute, and the other one -- !

BROOKE
New York.

ANDY
Far out! His father's from New York too.

ANGELA
Oh yeh?

Mike nods, very casual.

BROOKE
What a great boat!

ANGELA
(smiles)
Yeah, stereo and everything.

Sean is impressed.

CUT TO

51 OUT AT SEA - OFF THE LIGHTHOUSE 51

About 20 small sailboats of every sort (dinghies, catamarans, Sunfishes, inflatables) are cruising around, most of them manned by young people in their teens and early twenties. Doug, a 17-year-old on his own in a tiny inflatable, knows what he's doing as he neatly comes about. A scream from behind him. All heads turn ---

52 MIKE BRODY'S CATAMARAN 52

is nearly keeling over with a sudden gust, one pontoon high off the water, the other running below the surface. Even part of the canvas framework stretched between the pontoons is awash. The scream was from Brooke, who's terrified at how far they're keeled over. Mike eases off a little, and the boat levels.

BROOKE
(screaming and laughing at the same time)
This is fun? Jesus Christ!

ANDY
(in quotes)
Brooke, my darling, come sit by me and I'll protect you.

BROOKE
Yeah sure you'll protect me.

Angela smiles warmly at Mike Brody, tossing her hair back.

ANDY
(glad for his friend)
Hey buddy why don't you head for the ol' lighthouse. We can go ashore, walk around, find shells, etcetera.

Mike nods as if the suggestion is a merely practical one and heads away from the other boats toward the lighthouse.

ANGELA
(changing the subject)
Your little brother's so cute.

ANDY
Puleese.

ANGELA
Aw, you're mean to him. You should've let him come.

MIKE
(with meaning)
He would've just been...in the way.

ANGELA
(husky)
Yeah.

53 THE ROCKS BENEATH THE LIGHTHOUSE 53

are steep. Waves break against them with hollow thuds. A small sailboat rides at anchor...Ed is 17, Tina is pretty and all his. They are making their way down from the concealment of the rocks to swim back to their boat.

ANDY
(calling)
Nice day!

TINA
(tying the back of her bathing suit)
Mind your own business you fat fag!

Andy strains to think of a snappy comeback...and fails.

BROOKE
(suddenly)
Hey! What's that -- over there ---

From their point of view: a black, floating shape on the water.

BROOKE
(pointing to the shape)
Let's go see.

ANGELA
What is it?

Ed and Tina have seen it too, and are on their way to investigate. Mike's boat cuts through the chop.

54 ANGLE - THE SHAPE 54

ahead of them, closer, more defined now...a whale.

55 MIKE'S BOAT 55

They're peering ahead. Then:

ANDY
It's a whale, a dead whale!

MIKE
(cautious)
How do you know it's dead?

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED 55

ANDY
Look!

We're close enough now to see that it's listing slightly -- and that its flank is pocked with large red holes.

Ed and Tina arrive at the carcass. It reeks, but they're fascinated.

ED
(awed)
Something's sure been chewing on him.

From their point of view, the whale's flank: now we can see clearly how great hunks of flesh have been torn from it.

DISSOLVE TO

56 OUT AT SEA - DUSK - WHALE 56

The Amity PD Boat idles alongside the floating carcass, deputies manning the boat. We see it is well equipped -- first aid gear, emergency flares, an inflatable "Res-Q-Raft" in a suitcase-sized pack. Brody leans over the side with his camera, taking a close shot of one of the bites. His shark paranoia is rising -- and the smell of the decomposition is making him ill.

BRODY
Now I want to measure a couple.

He climbs over and takes a steel tape measure from his pocket, pulls out a couple feet of tape.

BRODY
Jesus, look at its teeth. What the hell kind of whale is this?

Brody looks at a bite, and pulls out a bit more tape. He leans out to measure, holding the rail with one hand:

DEPUTY
Must be this warm spell, making it smell so high.

Close on Brody, measuring the huge gouges.

BRODY
Fifty-one vertical...forty-seven horizontal.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED 56

DEPUTY
(writing it down)
What you gonna do with all this, Chief?

BRODY
Take it over to the Mainland... Woods Hole.

CUT TO

57 WOODS HOLE LABORATORY - MORNING 57

Humming, buzzing, clicking, flashing electronic gear. Specimens of fish and eels in tanks. Young men and women peer into microscopes, monitoring instruments. Not distracted by the array, Brody's only concern is what Dr. Elkins (the Institute's director) has to say about his photographs and measurements.

DR. ELKINS
(looks at them and nods)
Yes. I would say this was the work of a Great White.

Relieved to have it out in the open, terrified of what it means, Brody is far away in another time.

BRODY
I knew it.

DR. ELKINS
There's no cause for alarm, though ---

BRODY
It was only ten miles out, Doctor Elkins. Listen...do sharks ever return to the same location?

DR. ELKINS
Let me show you something ---

58 SHARK RESEARCH OFFICE 58

Charts depicting types of sharks, glass cases containing rows of labelled teeth, a blowup of an aerial shot of thousands of migrating sharks, and a large map of the world, the oceans marked with many little symbols.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED 58

DR. ELKINS
This is what we know of the world's shark population. Whites often travel through these waters --
(points from the Carolinas to Maine)
-- quite a way out where it's deep as a rule, between late spring and early summer.

BRODY
Like around now.

DR. ELKINS
Yes...Probably they're following whales, they like mammals.

BRODY
Yeah.

DR. ELKINS
That's when the whales are up here, migrating north. Baby sperm whales, pilot whales, they're favorite targets of the Whites. This one though, is a bit unusual. This is a killer whale, did you know that? Yes, it took a particularly powerful Great White to kill him. Still...so far out it really implies no danger to your beaches again....

BRODY
Attacks by sharks -- are they pretty much random, or do they happen in the same places?

DR. ELKINS
Yes, where there are a lot of sharks, like Australia, or South Africa. There's no other pattern as far as we know. And it's not a common occurrence anyway. More than five times as many people are struck by lightning.

BRODY
And lightning never strikes twice in the same place?

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED - 2 58

DR. ELKINS
(leading him from the room)
Not often. I have something you might be interested in ---

59 SHARK LAB - "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY" 59

Several testing systems in operation. Two assistants are dissecting a brown shark. Brody looks around uncomfortably.

DR. ELKINS
(gesturing toward the dissecting table)
Sharks produce an anti-body that protects them from cancer. Did you know that?
(Brody shakes his head)
Yes...if we can find out what that anti-body is, sharks may prove to be of great value to man. Might even save human lives ---

BRODY
That would be a switch.

DR. ELKINS
(watching Brody)
-- yet people are terrified of sharks. So terrified that they hunt them down, mutilate them -- club them to death. Sharks, Mr. Brody, are God's creatures too.
(moves to a glass tank)
We're just beginning to learn about them, so much is still a mystery.

ASSISTANT
(at tank)
Like a run on Elvis, Doctor?

DR. ELKINS
(nods, then to Brody)
Visual stimuli. Here, stand up close to it...
(Brody hesitates)
...there's no need to be afraid.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED 59

As Brody looks at the shark's head behind the Plexiglas, the Assistant draws a blackout curtain around them...Brody and Dr. Elkins watch as he then proceeds, with a complex flashlight, to beam rays of different colors and intensities directly at the shark's eyes...lighting up the whole head with an eerie changing glow.

DR. ELKINS
Color and intensity...watch the response....

Close on the shark's eyes as the nictating membrane and pupils move with the changes of light.

BRODY
My God, does that excite them too? I thought it was just blood or splashing ---

DR. ELKINS
(drawing back the curtain)
Any number of things. Sounds of all sorts. Sound is top of the list, in fact.
(stepping to the shark on the dissecting table)
They have extraordinary hearing appratus, a kind of radar --
(pointing it out)
-- sensors running from head to tail -- they pick up certain frequencies and home in, like a guided missile.

BRODY
What kind of frequencies?

DR. ELKINS
(moving to the large tub)
Oh, quite a range. And over considerable distances. Irregular sounds, unusual sounds, electrical impulses, almost any low-frequency vibrations --
(to another Assistant)
Tape please, Bob?

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED - 2 59

DR. ELKINS (Cont'd)
(to Brody, pointing to a spot in the wall of the tub)
There's a little speaker in there. Watch.

The Assistant starts a tape machine, and Brody looks down into the tub, following the movements of the lemon shark with rigid fascination.

DR. ELKINS
Now he's just hearing peaceful marine life...nothing special... but now he hears the sound of a wounded grouper a mile away --
(the shark noses at the speaker, agitated)
Now just silence --
(the shark resumes circling as before)
Now -- watch him -- a Waring Blender, low speed, same distance ---

The shark pauses, then strikes at the speaker repeatedly, jaws wide and snapping. Brody watches, appalled.

BRODY
Let me ask you -- this might seem kind of stupid --

DR. ELKINS
What's that?

BRODY
They must get signals from each other too ---

Dr. Elkins shrugs.

BRODY
See, I've read how dolphins send out whole messages -- I just wondered if a shark --
(pauses, embarrassed)
I mean, that one I killed...how do we know it didn't communicate with other sharks before it died. Maybe it had a mate or something.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED - 3 59

BRODY (Cont'd)
Maybe I left a trace in the water, a smell -- or maybe they just sense me in some way you don't know about yet. They never go for revenge or anything like that, do they?

DR. ELKINS
(slightly amused)
Sharks, Mr. Brody, never take anything personally.

Brody nods, then looks back into the tub: the lemon shark is circling again.

CUT TO

60 AMITY BEACH - DAY 60

Brody on a dune above the beach, sweating, peering through field glasses.

61 BEACH FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW 61

The cabanas, their paint weathered, are being scrubbed up for the season. About 100 people on the beach, a dozen in the water. Although it's the first swimmable weekend of the season, it's still a bit early in the day, and the water's cold.

Reeves Vaughan and a boy with heavy sideburns arrive on their expensive ten-speeds and sprawl in the sun.

The Amity PD Boat is patrolling off shore. The watchtower: a guard on duty at the top, a warning bell hangs beside him. As Brody scans out to sea again:

SEAN (o.s.)
Mom said eat your lunch.

The boy has hiked up the dune -- he holds out a sandwich and thermos to his father. Ellen has spread a blanket out on the sand.

BRODY
You eat it, Sean.

SEAN
I just had lunch.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED 61

BRODY
Good, then you can't go in the water.

Sean looks at him, wishing he hadn't said that. We hear the sound of a large vehicle braking ---

62 A BRIGHTLY PAINTED BUS 62

with AMITY SHORES lettered on its side pulls up close to the beach. Peterson and Mayor Vaughan disembark, all smiles, followed by several affluent-looking couples carrying picnic lunches.

Brody watches for a moment and looks seaward again.

Two more people emerge from the Amity Shores bus: a tired-looking mother and a girl of nine (Bunny) dragging her terrible dog behind her. They look around as Peterson continues his soft sell.

PETERSON
...Never very crowded or noisy, almost a private beach really, one of the finest on this coast. Anyone low on Bain de Soleil?
(they chuckle appreciatively)
Enjoy yourselves.

The people disperse to the sands.

ELLEN
Hi Larry! Mr. Peterson! Want some lunch?

PETERSON
(sitting)
That's the best offer I've had all...

He breaks off: the mother and her little girl are coming over, the child still dragging the dog.

MRS. RYAN
Oh, Mr. Peterson, I wanted to ask... Bunny, stop that, leave that thing alone!

PETERSON
Yes, Mrs. Ryan?

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED 62

MRS. RYAN
I know I'm being silly, but is it really safe to go in?

PETERSON
Absolutely.

VAUGHAN
Couldn't be safer!
(gestures at the tower and PD Boat)
All these precautions!

MRS. RYAN
Yes, I noticed the policeman there.

They follow her glance: there's Brody, conspicuously poised at his vigil.

ELLEN
Oh, he's...bird watching, you know ...seagulls, ducks....

BUNNY
No he's not.

PETERSON
You and your little girl have your dip, Mrs. Ryan.

Nodding a bit doubtfully, she walks away.

PETERSON
There goes <u>that</u> sale.

ELLEN
He's doing his job.

PETERSON
Well, maybe we should ask him to hold off doing his job until these people leave.

63 BRODY 63

is peering out at the bathers.

His point of view: Mrs. Ryan and Bunny wade into the water, Bunny carrying her reluctant dog out for a swimming lesson.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED 63

VAUGHAN (o.s.)
Martin, for Pete's sake.

Brody lowers his binoculars, and sees Vaughan wallowing up the dune toward him.

VAUGHAN
Please quit standing up here with those glasses. There's no reason for it, Martin, you'll scare people to death.

Brody doesn't reply, and continues his watch. Vaughan crouches down beside him not wanting to be seen.

VAUGHAN
Will you stop acting crazy? A whale, a whale got killed fifteen miles out....

BRODY
(scanning the beach)
Ten.

Bunny is waist-deep trying to get her dog to swim. It clings to her in terror. She throws it into deeper water and her mother screams at her. Bunny sticks her tongue out.

Brody raises his binoculars beyond Bunny and goes rigid as he sees a large shadow undulating in the water.

BRODY
There. What's that?

Whatever it is is moving in like a giant amoeba. Gulls hover as it glides along beneath the surface, then dart and plunge, screaming as it moves closer.

Brody drops his glasses. Horrified, waving at the watchtower, he starts to run toward the beach.

VAUGHAN
(following)
Martin! ---

64 BRODY 64

running -- down the dune to the beach, gesturing frantically -- why doesn't the guard ring the bell!!

65 TOWER PLATFORM - SAM THE GUARD 65

is looking through field glasses, checking via walkie-talkie with the police boat.

SAM
What the hell is it?

66 OFF-SHORE - PD BOAT 66

OFFICER
(into walkie-talkie)
Don't know. Too big to be a shark.

67 BRODY RUNNING HARDER 67

He pulls out his gun as he runs and loads the prepared bullets. He trips on the edge of a blanket and staggers on, flying sand catching a child in the face.

Still running, his eyes strain into glaring reflections on the water...it's difficult to determine what the shadow is.

The child is crying. People back off in alarm at the sight of him running, gun drawn. Bunny's mother screams at her to get out of the water. The obscure shape slides closer, rolling in toward shore.

BRODY
(screaming up
at the tower)
RING THE BELL!!

Some bathers have seen the thing in the water and race out. Others point in wonder at the dark mass as little fish spring up from it.

Attracted by all the excitement, Sean Brody has come down to the water's edge to investigate.

Bunny has succeeded too well. Her dog swims happily -- away from her. She refuses to leave the water without him.

BUNNY
(crying, following
into deeper water)
Snapper, please come in! Snapper!!

She grabs him. Her mother screams at her.

68 BRODY 68

reaches the tower and starts to climb.

SAM
(leaning over)
It's okay, Chief!

BRODY
What are you talking about....

He climbs the tower. Vaughan, panting heavily, lumbers up below.

VAUGHAN
Martin...please!

BRODY
(on top)
Ring the bell! Ring it!!

SAM
It's okay, Chief, look! It's a school of bluefish.
(laughing)
Get your fishing rod!

69 THE BEACH 69

Several men have brought out their fishing gear, one's already casting. Big blues flash wildly as the water bubbles and boils with activity...the blues are chasing bait fish.

Stomping out of the water, Bunny spanks her wet rat of a dog. The fishermen connect as soon as their lines hit the water.

Hoots and howls of excitement waft up to Brody as he stands there sweating and panting, staring in amazement at the sight before him.

BRODY
Oh, yeah...I didn't see....

A little unsteady, he puts his gun away and starts to climb down. People are watching him.

The child is still crying. Sean is embarrassed for his father. Peterson looks at Ellen...

PETERSON
(sarcastic)
Thorough at his job, isn't he?

70 BRODY 70

drops down, his box of red-tipped bullets spilling out on the sand. He brushes them off with too much concentration.

BRODY
(to the Mayor)
Sorry, Larry.

VAUGHAN
(helping pick them up)
What the hell are these red things, Martin?

BRODY
Cyanide. There's cyanide inside... can kill a shark instantly.

Vaughan puts an understanding hand on his shoulder, and they walk beyond the tower, away from the crying. People here and there are staring after Brody and talking among themselves. Reeves Vaughan comes up.

REEVES
Anything wrong, Dad?

VAUGHAN
(banishing his son with a glance, then to Brody)
Maybe you ought to take some time off. Before the summer really starts.

BRODY
(gazes out to sea)
Mine already started.

DISSOLVE TO

71 BRODY HOUSE - PORCH - DUSK 71

Head back, eyes closed, Brody is listening to the sound of the waves crashing on the beach. A heavy wind has come up, turning the sky a deep red-purple. Ellen joins him.

ELLEN
What do you want for dessert?

BRODY
Wheat fields, farms, big stretches of land.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED 71

ELLEN
You want to move again.

BRODY
A little.

ELLEN
As in 'a little pregnant?'

BRODY
I don't know. I've always lived on an island. I mean, Manhattan is an island, too.

ELLEN
(amused)
That's true. I never thought of it that way. How would you like to take a walk with a person who loves you?

DISSOLVE TO

72 THE BEACH - ELLEN AND BRODY 72

are walking along the edge of the water. The ocean is luminescent.

BRODY
Look out there. I wonder how many sharks are spawned each year. Millions probably. Millions of eating machines...And we're soft, we're meat. Did you ever think of yourself as meat?

ELLEN
Well, as a matter of fact....

He slips his arm around her and they walk a few steps in silence. Far down the beach some kids have made a bonfire and are singing.

ELLEN
I wonder if they sense fear. I mean dogs sense fear, and I bet sharks do too.

BRODY
Everything else attracts them, so you know they're attracted by fear. And if they are, we're in big trouble.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED 72

ELLEN
Why?

BRODY
(fake chuckle)
Cause I'm really scared.

She looks up at him...his face against the star-filled sky.

BRODY
I had a dream last night. I was on this sliver of sand in front of a huge dune, a cliff really, that went straight up with no shrubs or anything to hold onto. Then from a long way out I saw a giant wave, like a hundred stories high, coming. So I tried to climb the cliff, but the sand slipped through my fingers and I fell. And all the time the wave was getting closer, and, you know, higher -- until it almost filled the sky. But it wasn't the wave I was afraid of. It was what was under the wave...and I had to kill it, and then another one came. And I had to kill that one too, and I was afraid they'd come too fast and I wouldn't have a chance.

He stops and gazes out at the satiny black water.

BRODY
I can't stop looking out there. I try, but when I turn away from it, I get this creepy feeling that it's coming closer...so I have to keep watching...you see I just can't shake the idea that it's waiting for me, and it's going to get me. Not just anyone, me.

ELLEN
(muffled)
For what reason?

BRODY
Because it wants revenge! So call the men in the white coats. Hey! Ellen! Are you crying? Why're you crying? I wasn't really serious. I was just, oh, hey don't cry.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED - 2 72

ELLEN
If there's a shark that wants revenge he's sure getting it.

BRODY
What do you mean?

ELLEN
By making you feel like this. That's his revenge. Somehow we've got to put this thing behind us because it's destroying us. We can't live like this anymore. My God, Martin, look at the state you're in. Nothing's happened for three years!

BRODY
Six people dead in a month.

ELLEN
Three years ago there was concrete evidence...you know you're not really sure now.

BRODY
Oh, he's there.
(looks out to sea, his voice rising)
He's out there and he's playing with us! Godammit I know that son-of-a-bitch is out there!

CUT TO

73 AMITY VILLAGE - PRE-DAWN 73

Street lights glow icily in the mist and go out with the first somber sign of dawn.

A lone fisherman makes his way down to the dock. One light still shines on the pier, its reflections reaching out into glassy swells where cabin cruisers swing from moorings in the harbor. Japanese lanterns are strung like gems between the masts of a large yawl.

And out there beyond the mouth of the harbor is the ocean, barely discernible in the grey light creeping in from the east. Waves tumble and roll through the portal, bringing in the open sea. Something is there, stealing along with the incoming tide. Two gulls resting on a wooden piling lift off

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED 73

soundlessly. Rigging creaks. A dinghy scrapes ominously along the side of a yacht. Long tentacles of seaweed undulate with a passing swell, and the Japanese lanterns sway back and forth.

A bell-buoy tolls softly as the Shark slides unnoticed into the harbor.

CUT TO

74 AMITY SHORES CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 74

Construction progressing...gardeners planting saplings near the pool. Walking toward the parking lot are Peterson and six very worried townsmen -- Mayor Vaughan and the five selectmen: Mr. Santini, Mrs. Nichols, Joan Taft, Mr. Kaiser and Mr. Sansom.

SANTINI
Yeah -- who got bit? Who got ate? The odds it happens again is <u>astrological</u>!

VAUGHAN
Surely he'll see that himself in a week or two and straighten out.

MRS. TAFT
Look how he's acting. You can't find him when you need him -- he's always up in that tower. Maybe we should get somebody who will take care of the <u>town</u>!

VAUGHAN
I think you're jumping the gun.

MRS. TAFT
Oh, Larry...

PETERSON
(getting in his car)
Your loyalty's touching, Larry, but I think you'd better start looking for a new Police Chief.

Gestures "it's up to you" and goes. They watch him, then avoiding each others' eyes drift toward their cars.

MR. KAISER
I'll make some calls, see who's available...just as a precaution.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED 74

MRS. NICHOLS
We're forgetting what the man did for us.

SANSOM
But he's not the same man.

CUT TO

75 EXT. DOCK AREA - DAY 75

Mike Brody, his friend Andy and little Sean Brody come out of a nautical supply store, their arms loaded with new sails, and head down the dock for their boat.

ANDY
What'll we do if they don't show on Saturday?

MIKE
They'll show, don't worry. How much we got left?

Reeves Vaughan and three of his friends from Andover breeze by on their ten-speeds...too close and fast for comfort.

ANDY
(spitting in their wake)
Three bucks.

MIKE
And we need money for wine too.
(sophisticated)
Angela said they like white.

SEAN
I have three dollars, Mike. You could have it. You could have my allowance too, and I could go with you guys, huh?

MIKE
How many times do I have to tell you no? NO, N.O.

SEAN
How're ya gonna get wine anyway? You're not old enough.

ANDY
(to Sean)
Will you go drown or something.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED 75

Andy's spitting has not gone unnoticed by Reeves. He's turned around and come back.

REEVES
Did you spit at us?

ANDY
I? Spit never crossed my lips.

Mike, Andy and Sean continue on their way; the Andover boys keep pace on their bikes.

ANDOVER #1
Watch it, fat boy!

Mike and Andy try to ignore them, but it's hard considering Andover's need for a fight. They reach the boat and busy themselves sorting out their goods.

ANDOVER #2
The metal in that kid's mouth alone will sink their little dinghy, huh Gordon?

ANDOVER #1
More likely the weight of his fat ass.

MIKE
Hey Reeves, why don't you guys knock it off?

REEVES
(coming up to him)
What did you say -- you conceited asshole.

MIKE
(touching him)
Just go, ride your bikes.

REEVES
Don't put your hands on me, Brody. You know, you're not the only one around here with a boat --

One of the Andover boys is fooling with their sailing gear.

MIKE
(turning)
Hey!

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED - 2 75

With that Reeves pushes Mike into the water. Mike's cool vanishes.

MIKE
I'll kill you!

Andy's glasses go flying as he tackles Reeves from behind throwing him down for a moment of glory, but then Reeves easily gets the better of him, mashing his face into the dock. Sean flies to the rescue.

SEAN
(kicking Reeves)
You leave us alone. I'm gonna tell my father.

REEVES
(picking Sean up)
That nut! He's too busy looking for sharks.

SEAN
You shut your mouth!

REEVES
He can't help being sick!

ANDOVER #2
Maybe we should help the Chief by putting out a little bait, huh?

REEVES
A little shark bait.

They hold Sean over the edge of the dock, kicking and screaming.

SEAN
HELP, MIKE! MIKE!

MIKE
I'm warning you!!

Reeves casually drops Sean ---

76 UNDERWATER 76

Through the cloudy water we see a silent splash as Sean hits the surface with the flat of his back and goes under. He panics, swallowing water, arms and legs flailing in every direction.

77 SURFACE - MIKE 77

strokes toward his brother and Andy jumps in.

78 UNDERWATER - SHARK'S POINT OF VIEW 78

Andy breaks the surface with a splash and swims toward Sean. His velvet hat floats behind him on the surface, its long feather trailing down like a wounded bird. Mike's arms and legs chop the surface as we veer toward him...then toward Sean twisting about wildly. We glide in closer as Mike and Andy dive down, pulling Sean to the surface, up to their boat, their legs leaving the water in the nick of time.

79 SURFACE 79

Sean is gasping and crying.

ANDY
Hey, where's my hat?

Nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO

80 BRODY YARD - ELLEN AND KIDS 80

The kids are getting out of their wet, dirty clothes before going in the house.

MIKE
Nothin', Ma. Reeves Vaughan is a creep, that's all.

ELLEN
You mean you didn't do anything to start it?

MIKE
I told ya, no!

Brody drives in.

SEAN
I'm gonna tell Daddy.

ELLEN
Oh, honey, let's not bother him with it right now, okay?

SEAN
I have to.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED 80

ELLEN
Sean, I don't want you to say anything about it now. You understand?

Brody approaches, sizes up the situation.

BRODY
Mike, I know this'll be hard on you but I'd like you to hold off on sailing for a while, okay?

MIKE
DAD!! I've got a new boat and everything! Why?

BRODY
I'm sorry Mike, it's just for a while...as a favor. Now, you want to tell what happened at the dock?

MIKE
Nothin'. Reeves is a creep is all.

BRODY
Some people might agree with you. What's the matter Sean? Sean?

SEAN
Nothing...
(looks at his mother)
Nothing...Daddy...
(bursts into tears)
He called me sharkbait! He said you're always looking for sharks cause you're sick. I'm gonna punch him out! I HATE HIM!

Brody gathers him up in his arms.

BRODY
It's okay Sean, okay...it doesn't matter what people say, does it....

Ellen watches, thinking her own thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO

81 WATCHTOWER - SUNSET 81

The tower casts a long shadow across the deserted sand to where the last bathers are loading their cars. The lights of Amity are going on...it's dinner time. High in his perch, his form dark against the sunset, Brody wipes his nose on his sleeve and continues his vigil.

CUT TO

82 EXT. BRODY HOUSE AND GARAGE - NIGHT 82

Sean watches Mike and Andy unload sails, rudder, and other equipment from Ed's station wagon.

ED
(holding cushions)
You want these back in plastic or you think they'll be all right?

ANDY
Plastic. God knows how long it'll be before we'll use them.

MIKE
(has things under control)
This won't last long.

ED
You hope. Without your boat it's kinda hard to make out.

MIKE
The hell it is. I'm gonna pick Angela up at the ferry tomorrow and get her to come over here.

ED
In your garage?

MIKE
Yeah.

ED
You hope.

MIKE
These cushions will get used, don't worry.

SEAN
She only likes you because of your boat.

MIKE
(loud)
I'm gonna smash you in the mouth, you know that? Why don't you get outa here?

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED 82

ED
(watches Sean scurry away)
Poor kid lives always at the edge of physical violence.

Ellen comes to the garage.

ELLEN
Oh, I thought I heard your father drive in. Good, you brought your stuff back.
(turns to go in and stops)
Mike, can I talk to you for a second?
(he comes to her)
I just want to thank you for being so understanding lately.

MIKE
I have? That's all right. I know summer isn't Dad's favorite season. It's just it is a little hard right now, this no sailing business -- with the new boat, and everything.

ELLEN
I know. You're a good boy, and it's appreciated.
(he pretends he doesn't want to hear anymore)
I wanted you to know.

She goes in, closing the door quietly behind her.

ED
Your mother's really nice...Built too.

MIKE
(dry)
Yeah.

DISSOLVE TO

83 AMITY - INLET BRIDGE 83

Dawn comes.

CUT TO

84 WATCHTOWER - EARLY MORNING 84

Brody climbs the tower for another day. It's already getting hot.

CUT TO

85 BEACH - MORNING 85

Mike and Angela are sprawled out on the sand looking seaward. She's sulking. It's a perfect day for sailing, and several boats are already out. A large gray powerboat is passing offshore with rubber-suited figures on its desk.

ANGELA
What's that?

MIKE
(bitterly)
Skin-diving class.

She turns over on her back and stares up at the clouds. He moves closer and puts his arm across her. She doesn't move. He leans over and gently touches her neck with his lips... she lets him. Good. Now his hands reach out for her breast, but she pushes him away and sits up.

MIKE
What's the matter?

ANGELA
I don't like to make a public display of myself.

MIKE
Why don't we go back to my house? I have the garage to myself.

ANGELA
The garage? How enticing! How romantic!

Mike is embarrassed, searching for something to say.

MIKE
There's always Pine Groves.

ANGELA
And wade through bodies? You just sit on the ground there, you get pregnant.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED 85

She sighs, turns over on her stomach brushing him with her big breasts, and stares out to sea again.

ANGELA
See, I thought we'd go out to some place where nobody goes. Someplace special you know what I mean?

MIKE
Yeah. Winter Island. Nobody there.

ANGELA
We could bring a picnic and a blanket. And wine...nice and cool. And you know, like that ...all alone.

She pulls him down on top of her and kisses him full on the mouth.

ANGELA
(smiling, whispering in his ear)
I really like you, Mike.

She quickly pushes him away again, but looks at him out of the corner of her eye. He's beside himself.

MIKE
Yeah. Well, maybe we could. I mean I can really do what I want anyway. I just don't like to upset my father, but I...ah, I can do what I want.

CUT TO

86 AT SEA 86

The gray dive boat drops anchor, eight rubber-suited divers aboard.

Tom Andrews (the diving instructor Brody spoke to by the pool) and Andrews' Assistant are helping the student divers put on tanks and weight belts. They're a mixed group -- half adults, half teenagers.

ANDREWS
You won't see much today, not much visibility -- but don't let that make you nervous.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED 86

One of the boys is a little wide-eyed with excitement.

ASSISTANT
You okay?
(the boy nods)
And how do you tell me that under water?

The boy gives the okay sign.

ANDREWS
Right, over you go. Stick with your buddies.

The class backrolls in one by one.

ASSISTANT
(before following them, to Andrews)
Coming?

ANDREWS
Go ahead. I'm gonna try to get dinner.

The Assistant backrolls in and joins the scuba divers on the surface. He signals "Down!"

Andrews picks up a spear gun and giant-steps into the water. He swims looking down, cocking the spear gun.

87 UNDERWATER 87

from Andrews' point of view: the divers descending, nearly obscured in the murk. One looks up and waves. Concerned by the poor visibility Andrews drops down to join them. He glides from one pair of buddies to the other, giving and receiving the okay sign. He can tell from the bubbles that one woman's breathing is too rapid --she needs a bit of calming, so Andrews takes her arm for a moment, exaggeratedly breathing along with her more slowly...Okay? Okay.

They all descend lower.

CUT TO

88 BRODY GARAGE 88

Mike Brody and Andy are sneaking the sailing equipment out. A clatter as something is kicked -- "sshh!" -- they head toward the road. Sean appears.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED 88

SEAN
(whispering)
I'm coming with you, right?

MIKE
Get outa here.

SEAN
Please, oh Mike, please!
(but they just keep moving, so he turns to go inside)
Okay, I'm telling Mom.

MIKE
(alarmed)
You are not!

SEAN
Yes I am.

Pause.

ANDY
(giving in)
What the hell....

CUT TO

89 UNDERWATER 89

The diving class explores the murk. Andrews shakes his head, the visibility is just too poor this far down; he signals to his Assistant -- take them up to 25 feet and level off...

They obey, Andrews watching them ascend, staying down to observe how they do it -- glancing for a moment at a school of mackerel streaking by him at top speed ---

From his point of view we see the divers 20 feet above him, and up beyond them, very dimly, on the surface, the hull of the dive-boat.

90 ANDREWS 90

looks up, then down at his watch and depth gauge. His eyes widen as he sees something below him: down in the murk, a big striped bass. He shoots and misses. The lunker bass

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED 90

takes off and he follows in hot pursuit to deeper water. The striper easily outswims him. It slows, he takes aim and it streaks off again, darting back and forth below him. He shouldn't be doing this, leaving his students for so long, but this fish is a beauty. He follows it down. For a moment he loses it in cloudy water, then his eyes widen with horror at what he sees below him---

91 THE GREAT WHITE SHARK 91

looms up out of the darkness with the striper in its mouth. One side of the Shark's massive head, charred and knotted by scars, has hardened into hideous armor.

Enraged, blackened from dorsal to mouth, white teeth flashing, staring up at him, the Shark rises like a mad beast.

Andrews panics...finning backward and tearing at his weight belt to ditch it, he pulls the inflator cord of his safety vest. Instantly it swells up and he surges upward, eyes shut tight, not exhaling. He pumps past the other divers, and shoots to the surface.

92 THE DIVERS 92

looking up at him...at each other...what's going on? The Assistant signals: Ascend. As they carefully rise ---

93 SURFACE 93

Andrews unconscious, bleeding from the nose, bobbing on the surface.

The Assistant and the other divers come up. A boy waves desperately for the boat to come as the Assistant tries to pry the mouthpiece from Andrews' teeth.

CUT TO

94 HARBOR 94

Angela arrives to find several sailboats are being made ready. Brooke is watching Mike and Andy prepare Mike's catamaran.

ANGELA
(to Mike)
You call this <u>alone</u>?

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED 94

MIKE
No sweat. Once we're out there we'll ditch 'em.

ANGELA
(meaning Andy and Brooke)
What about them?

ANDY
We have our own things to do.

SEAN
(locks his bike, hovers)
Are we ready to go yet?

MIKE
You know, Sean, I'm worried. I think someone better stand guard on that corner.

SEAN
I'll do it!

He dashes off, passing two girls (Kathy and Laura) who are sliding their sailboat into the water. They look jealously at Angela whose windbreaker, jeans and sneakers are all black.

KATHY
Gawd. The Black Dahlia.

LAURA
I'm not bitter. I fell out of love with Mike a long time ago.

The couple who were caught making it at the lighthouse (Ed and Tina) board their boat.

95 CORNER - SEAN BRODY 95

sneaking along the wall like an infantryman in combat...reaches the corner and cautiously peers around.

96 SEAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MAIN STREET 96

People, shoppers, but no Martin Brody.

SEAN
(calling)
All clear!

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED 96

He runs back to the dock.

SEAN
All clear, Mike.

A thump from one of the boats, followed by giggles and a "sshh" and we see ---

97 ED AND TINA'S SAILBOAT 97

They aren't visible.

SOMEBODY (o.s.)
Hey! What're you two doin' in there?

TINA
(head pops up)
None of your business!

98 ANGELA 98

gets in Mike's boat. Her friend Brooke hesitates.

ANDY
(on board)
Come on, Brooke! Mike's gotta get back.

BROOKE
That's okay, I'm, uh -- goin' with Polo.

ANDY
Oh, great.

ANGELA
Thanks a lot, Brooke!

They watch her skulk off with the embarrassed Polo to a sleek little sloop.

ANDY
Another rejection. Spurned even by scuzz.

ANGELA
(to Mike)
So it's just the <u>three</u> of us then?

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED 98

ANDY
Hey, don't worry about me. We get to the Island, I'll get lost.

SEAN
(still on dock and getting worried)
Mike, can you pull the boat in closer for me? Mike?

MIKE
Sorry, but there just isn't room ---

SEAN
Mike! --

MIKE
-- and I don't like blackmail.

Sean pulls a fit.

SEAN
You promised! You said!
(kicking and screaming, he rolls on the dock)
Please! I can't stand it! You're making me crazy!

MIKE
That won't do you any good.

Kathy and Laura stick up for Sean.

KATHY
Don't be a rat, Mike.

LAURA
You probably did promise him, didn't you?

ANDY
(a dark look at Brooke in Polo's boat)
Promises are made to be broken. I should know.

Sean watches his brother's catamaran raise sail and begin to slide away.

LAURA
That's okay, you can come with us.

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED - 2 98

SEAN
With girls?

LAURA
If you don't want to ---

SEAN
No, I do, I do.

CUT TO

99 DIVING BOAT 99

racing in through the mouth of the harbor. Black suited divers lean over something at the bottom of their boat.

100 ANGLES - SAILBOATS - SEAWARD 10

Sails going up and bellying in the breeze..the boats heading out of the harbor. The diving boat crosses their path unnoticed. Gulls wheel above them, and out over the sea. We follow their flight.

101 GULLS 10

screaming.

CUT TO

102 EXT. DIVE BOAT AT DOCK - DAY 10

In the boat a Physician kneeling over Andrews, working on him...no response...Brody and the Assistant close by, the other divers on the dock, shivering and watching...The Physician rises.

PHYSICIAN
(to Brody)
I'd say an embolism. Air breaking through into the bloodstream, bubbles reaching his brain.
(shrugs helplessly)
The way he came up, without exhaling ---

BRODY
How could that happen, though! Tom was an instructor, experienced ---

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED 10

PHYSICIAN
Any diver can panic. I'm a diver myself and a good one and I know that just a sudden sense of being down there can do it. Or maybe equipment failure ---

ASSISTANT
(with Andrews' tank and regulator)
It wasn't that.
(presses the purge valve: a hiss of air)
Working perfectly.

Brody examines the mouthpiece: we see that it's been bitten half through.

PHYSICIAN
Consistent with panic. Biting down like that, intake of breath, feeling you have to surface. It's a kind of claustrophobia.

ASSISTANT
Yeah, I've had it sometimes. Not as bad as Tom, though....

Brody's own panic is visibly surging as the ambulance arrives.

CUT TO

103 SAILBOATS AT SEA 10

Some boats are already tacking around when Mike's catamaran and the others get there. An athletic Redhead is alone on a little Sunfish. Doug is also single-handed in his tiny inflatable. A brisk wind is blowing, there's a light chop, and it's clouding up.

DOUG
(calling as Mike's boat approaches)
Where you going?

ANDY
To the lighthouse!

ANGELA
(to Andy)
What're ya telling them for??!

104 ANGLE OTHER BOATS 104

DOUG
(calling)
Okay! The lighthouse!

REDHEAD
Race you there!

105 MIKE'S CATAMARAN 105

ANGELA
Oh, that's great!

MIKE
We'll lose them.

Music is heard. A tornado catamaran with a brown sail has a radio fastened to its mast.

ANGELA
Whose boat's that?

The Tornado turns about, revealing its captain, Reeves Vaughan.

ANDY
Aw shit.

ANGELA
Who's that?

MIKE
The town idiot.

Reeves is with the boy with spectacular Sideburns.

SIDEBURNS
(calling to them, trying to be friendly)
Ya wanna race to the lighthouse?

ANDY
Race to the nuthouse, creeps!

REEVES
(passing close)
What're you doing with such trash, my pretty?
(calling to everyone)
To the lighthouse! On your mark!

106 MIKE'S CATAMARAN 106

Mike takes out a whistle, gives a short blast, tosses it to Andy.

ANDY
(calling to other boats)
When I blow the whistle, okay?

ANGELA
(laughing)
Is that a police whistle?

MIKE
Naturally.

107 ED AND TINA'S SAILBOAT 107

Ed at the bow, groaning at Tina, who's handling the boat ineptly.

ED
No, Tina, let me take her.

TINA
All right Hercules, you got it.

She simply lets go of sail and rudder. The boom whips around. Ed catches it, gives her a look as they switch positions.

He's trying to get the boat lined up...a long blast from the whistle, a cheer, and the others are off. Ed slaps the hull as if it were the flank of a horse ---

ED
(frustrated)
Come on, come on....

TINA
(smiling innocently at him)
Gee, you're terrific!

108 MIKE'S CATAMARAN 108

Cheers and coyote yelps from racers on either side...Reeves' Tornado surges ahead.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED 108

REEVES
(calling to Angela)
You're in the wrong boat, honey.
I'd show you a race.

ANGELA
(giving him a smart
middle finger salute)
Race this!!

109 NINE BOATS 109

racing away in a ragged line.

110 UNDERWATER 110

We see, from the Shark's point of view, all the skimming hulls, silhouetted on the surface far above.

CUT TO

111 AMITY DOCK - DAY 111

Rear doors of the ambulance slam shut. Brody turns away as it leaves.

He sees, resting on its side -- Sean's bike. Where's Sean? Mike's sailboat -- IT'S GONE.

CUT TO

112 BOATS AT SEA 112

The race progressing. Brightly colored sails -- crimson, brown, lavender, striped -- are strung out along the course. Boats are widely separated now, one at the rear more so than others. We hear snatches of music ---

113 REEVES' TORNADO 113

The radio fastened to his mast is blaring away. Reeves and his friend Sideburns are singing along. They're running first. In the b.g. Mike Brody's catamaran gains a little on them.

114 MIKE BRODY'S BOAT 114

ANGELA
Come on, come on, I want to be
first!

115 FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW - THE BOATS BEHIND THEM 115

Spread out over a hundred yards, and beyond them the last boat, straggling even further behind now.

Right behind Mike:

116 SUNFISH - THE REDHEAD 116

handles her boat smartly, stealing wind from the skiff next to her.

Behind her:

117 OTHER BOATS AND SLOOP WITH POLO AND BROOKE 117

He's hoisting a black jib. She lifts her face to the wind like a happy dog in a car window.

Behind them:

118 SAILBOAT WITH TWO GIRLS AND SEAN BRODY 118

Sean's wearing a lifejacket. His mood has changed and he's having a ball. Kathy edges out to join Laura on the windward side, harnessing herself so she hangs way out over water. Even with two of them there, the pontoon only skims the surface. Sean starts to join them.

SEAN
I'll help.

KATHY
(it's too dangerous)
No, stay where you are.

Disappointed, Sean trails a finger in the rushing water... watching its wake...another finger, then the hand...a heavier wake....

119 ED AND TINA'S SAILBOAT 119

This is the straggler: Tina has taken over again, clumsily zig-zagging, letting out too much sail. The music from the boat ahead hardly audible here.

ED
(good humored
about it)
Let me catch up.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED 119

TINA
I'm learning!

ED
(reaching for the rudder)
Not enough, baby ---

TINA
(pushing it away, playful)
Be a good boy ---

The boat veers.

ED
(laughing)
Hey --
(scuffling with her)
Gonna let me? Huh?

TINA
(resisting)
Ooh! You dirty thing!!
You're -- too -- competitive ---

Squeals as he tickles her ---

120 UNDERWATER - FROM SHARK'S POINT OF VIEW 120

The veering hull above us, we're rising to it...hearing the sounds they're making on the hull.

121 ED AND TINA 121

both laughing as they grapple over who's to hold the sail and tiller -- suddenly Tina, looking past him, freezes ---

122 THE FIN 122

huge, half-blackened, breaking the surface, approaching ---

123 THE BOAT 123

Ed, terrified, shoves Tina away toward the bow. Both have

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED 123

let go of the sail, and it swings free. Ed seizes the tiller, he's trying to rudder around...the boat slews sideways...Ed half rises, grabs for the rigging, staring at the fin -- and the wind-filled sail comes whizzing back at him, the boom knocking him overboard...Tina screams.

124 ANGLE - ED 124

gasping the water, lunges for the boat, but it's drawing away, and the fin is turning towards him...we glimpse the other boats, they're too far to see or hear a thing. Ed tries to flail toward the boat. A tremor ripples down the Shark's marble body. One quick thrust of its tail and it turns -- we see the hideously mottled side of its massive head. The giant is homing in...Tina screams ---

125 TINA 125

clutches the boom, eyes widening at what she sees now...she screams again.

126 THE THREE BOATS AHEAD OF HER 126

sail blithely on as the music wails over the water, the girls' boat in the f.g...Sean looks back for a moment....

127 ANGLE 127

We see from his point of view the floundering sailboat almost a quarter-mile away...He faces forward with a patronizing smile.

KATHY
(to Laura)
At it again!

128 THE RACE 128

proceeding -- minus Ed and Tina.

CUT TO

129 DOCK - BRODY'S SQUAD CAR 129

He's on the radio.

BRODY
See anything, Sam?

130 BEACH WATCHTOWER - SAM 130

scanning the horizon with binoculars. It's become a gray day. A few sailboats in the distance are disappearing into haze, leaving only the straggler in sight, too far away to see what's going on.

SAM
(on walkie-talkie)
No sign of his boat, Martin. Three little kids throwing sand. Should I bust 'em?

131 BRODY'S CAR - DOCK 131

He's not amused.

BRODY
Just keep a sharp lookout. You see my kid's boat, you holler.

He breaks off and just sits for a moment, half-in, half-out of his car. Nearby, Hendricks is idly swabbing the deck of the P.D. Boat.

HENDRICKS
Want to go out and get 'em?

Brody hesitates. Is he over-reacting again, should he go out or not. He can't decide.

132 WATCHTOWER - SAM 132

Something has caught his attention. That sailboat out there, it <u>is</u> moving kind of funny, turning in circles like that. He picks up his walkie-talkie.

CUT TO

133 AT SEA - OFF THE LIGHTHOUSE 133

The sailboats are approaching the finish of the race. Reeves' Tornado is still in the lead. The girls' boat lets out a violet spinnaker. They're gaining on Mike Brody's catamaran.

LAURA
I want a closer look at the competition.

KATHY
Oh, he's so <u>vain</u>.

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED 13

SEAN
I think you ought to leave them alone.

LAURA
No way! We're going wherever they go today, my friend.

SEAN
(judgmental)
It's up to you.

Neck and neck with Mike's boat, and a little too close, Kathy and Laura peer evilly over at him, huge grins on their faces.

ANGELA
What's the matter with them?

MIKE
They want something they can't have.

ANGELA
What?

ANDY
His flesh!

ANGELA
Who could blame them?

MIKE
Let's get rid of this whole group.

He abruptly presses the tiller over, turning the catamaran to the right of the lighthouse.

Seeing this the girls signal to the others to turn to the right.

KATHY
To the Cape! On to the Cape!!

Most of the boats follow them.

ANGELA
(appalled)
They're following us!

MIKE
We'll lose them in those islands over there.

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED - 2 13

Reeves has just arrived at the lighthouse and turns triumphantly to the group.

REEVES
I WIN! Hey! Where you all going??

CUT TO

134 ED AND TINA'S SAILBOAT 13

seems to be sailing itself, a ghost boat rolling with the swells, its rudder drifting back and forth. Without direction the sail billows first one way, then swings completely across to the other side. The P.D. Boat approaches.

BRODY
Hello?

No answer. Hendricks eases them a little closer. The sailboat is empty...and eerie, with its sail slapping. They draw the sailboat toward them with a hook and Brody boards it. At first only her arm is visible. Brody kneels and there cowering in the crawl space under the deck, is Tina.

BRODY
(softly)
What's the matter, honey...huh?
...Come on....

No response. Her eyes stare at him wide with terror.

BRODY
(to Hendricks)
We gotta get her in.

He tries to move her from under the deck. She hangs on. As gently as he can, he tries to pry her hands loose. She starts to whimper. He keeps going.

BRODY
It's okay now.

HENDRICKS
(still in the
P.D. Boat)
Jesus what happened?

BRODY
What happened Tina, please try and tell me. What happened -- please -- !

TINA
Ed went over and -- and ---

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED 134

BRODY
Tell me ---
(he pulls her out, shakes her)
What happened?

TINA
I yelled. They couldn't hear ---

Her mouth works soundlessly as he manages to get her on her feet. She sees the water and screams.

TINA
IS IT THERE?
(crouches back down, whimpering)
Is it still there?

BRODY
(level, deadly)
It was a shark.

CUT TO

135 thru 138 ANGLES - SAILBOATS 135 thru 138

They trail after Mike Brody's catamaran. Doug is in high spirits running before the wind in his tiny inflatable. Only inches from the water, the Redhead maneuvers for position.

The lighthouse disappears behind them, eclipsed by an island.

CUT TO

139 BRODY AND HENDRICKS 139

Hendricks turns the sailboat toward Amity.

HENDRICKS
You know how to work that thing?

BRODY
(in P.D. boat)
I'll manage.

Which lever? He guesses right and it starts. He sets out alone to face his enemy. Speeding in the direction of the lighthouse, he takes out his cyanide bullets and loads the gun, then places it snugly on the shelf beside him. The lighthouse looms ahead on the horizon.

CUT TO

140 SAILBOATS AND SLOOP - POLO AND BROOKE 140

Polo efficiently lets out sail, chest hair curling through his wet T-shirt.

BROOKE
(shouts ahead)
Beep beep!

Doug's inflatable is ahead. They gain on him.

POLO
(to Brooke)
Come on this side. We can pass him easy.

The two of them extend far out over the water. In his effort to gain speed without capsizing, his shoulders nearly skim the surface.

POLO
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

141 DOUG 141

shouts as they pass, poking one of his boat's compartments.

DOUG
Got an air leak...slowing me down!!

142 thru 145 ANGLES - SAILBOATS 142 thr 145

Afternoon sunlight breaks through the clouds. Multi-colored sails stream through shafts of light. Happy kids, flying with the wind.

CUT TO

146 HARBOR 146

Hendricks guides the sailboat to the dock. Many hands reach out to help Tina off. A crowd of people has gathered and an ambulance is waiting. They descend on her with a swarm of questions, shouts of "Let her through!", mass confusion.

ANDY'S MOTHER
(calling over the crowd)
Is Andy out there? Is he all right?

CONTINUED

146 CONTINUED 146

A blanket is thrown around Tina as she's rushed through the crowd toward the ambulance.

ED'S MOTHER
(grabbing at her)
Where's Ed? Tina...where's my boy?

Tina turns a vacant look in her direction, and is hustled on.

SOMEBODY
What happened out there?

VAUGHAN
Everything's going to be all right. All of you just stay calm now. The Coast Guard's on the way.

Hendricks helps the orderlies put Tina into the ambulance. It drives off, revealing --

147 ELLEN BRODY 147

on the other side of it, facing Hendricks. It's happening... again....

CUT TO

148 AT THE LIGHTHOUSE - BRODY 148

All is silent except for the rollers booming around the rocks. No sign of the kids.

BRODY
(on radio)
Well, they're not here.

VOICE
That's where she said they'd be.

BRODY
Well, where are they then? Any word from the Coast Guard yet?

VOICE
Chief, their chopper went out.

BRODY
Let me know the minute they spot them. I'm gonna try --
(which way)
-- over towards Woods Hole.

CONTINUED

148 CONTINUED 148

He turns the boat to the left -- the wrong way.

CUT TO

149 SAILBOATS - MIKE BRODY'S CATAMARAN 149

They can't shake the other boats.

ANDY
(to Mike)
Don't you have to be back?

MIKE
No, plenty of time. We're almost there.

150 REEVES AND SIDEBURNS 150

pass Doug's leaky inflatable.

SIDEBURNS
(calling)
Nice seeing you see you later. Ha. Ha.

No comment from Doug. An oncoming helicopter is heard. Doug locks up ---

151 SUNFISH 151

The Redhead looks up, the chopper louder ---

152 COAST GUARD HELICOPTER 152

Pilot and Spotter in the cockpit. The Spotter lowers his glasses and says something to the Pilot, who nods and starts to take her down. We follow, seeing all the boats below.

153 THE BOATS - FAVORING MIKE'S 153

He's looking up along with the others, all with apprehension, at the chopper swooping down toward them. What's this about?

154 HELICOPTER 154

hovering at 50 feet. The Spotter opens the hatch and calls through a loud-hailer.

SPOTTER
Return -- to -- port -- immediately.
Return -- to -- port -- immediately.

155 THE BOATS 155

The kids look at each other in confusion. Should they obey? Something must have happened.

ANGELA
(wants to go on)
What'll we do?

MIKE
(bitterly)
Better go in...I don't believe this!!

SPOTTER'S VOICE
Return -- to -- port -- immediately.

Mike turns his catamaran about.

156 ANGLES OTHER BOATS 156
thru thr
159 Confusion and maneuvering as they turn around. The Redhead 159
turns her Sunfish back into the wind, sail fluttering ---

REDHEAD
(calling to
Mike's boat)
Not so easy in this wind!

SPOTTER'S VOICE
Return -- to -- port -- immediately ---

160 SAILBOATS 160

turning about. Brooke yells up at the chopper.

BROOKE
All right, all right! We heard!
We're returning to port!

161 HELICOPTER 161

The Spotter pauses. From his point of view we see the boats, all turning now, heading back toward Amity. The chopper descends a bit and passes over them --

162 SEAN BRODY 162

loves it, it's scary but delicious. The air from the chopper whips at sails, clothes, hair -- and at the water.

163 UNDERWATER 163

Wind from the blades causes a circular turbulence on the surface. The thudding of the chopper is vibrating down into the depths. Through the gloom we see the Great White Shark approaching.

164 CHOPPER COCKPIT 164

Pilot's on radio --

PILOT
They're heading back. Return to base? Over.

COMMANDER'S VOICE
Yeah. Over and out.

165 BOATS 165

tacking into the wind as the chopper arcs upward and away. Sean waves good-bye.

166 FROM THE RISING CHOPPER 166

The boats recede to a small patch of brightly colored sails in a big dark sea.

CUT TO

167 AMITY DOCK AREA 167

Peterson joins a cluster of worried parents. Mayor Vaughan is listening to the radio in Brody's squad car. Ellen has Sean's bike.

ELLEN
(to Peterson)
I think both my boys are out there.

VAUGHAN
(comes out of the car)
So is mine. They're on their way in.

ELLEN
How far out are they?

VAUGHAN
A helicopter just went out. They're coming in. They're safe.

CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED 167

Ellen takes this in, says nothing. Peterson looks at her in torment -- how can he find words to tell her how sorry he is...

PETERSON
He was right.

ELLEN
(looking out to sea)
I just wish he hadn't been.

CUT TO

168 P.D. BOAT - AT SEA 168

between the lighthouse and Woods Hole. Brody is on the radio, furious.

BRODY
The chopper left them??

COMMANDER'S VOICE
Yeah, they're coming in.

BRODY
They left them??

COMMANDER'S VOICE
We'll go meet them passing the lighthouse then, for Christ's sake! They're coming in, Chief!

Brody breaks contact, there's not time to argue, shoves a lever -- a loud squeal of too many engine revs. He whirls the P.D. Boat around in a tight circle -- it's almost out of control -- and speeds back toward the lighthouse.

CUT TO

169 SAILBOATS 169

tacking into the teeth of the wind. They're going fast but have made little headway. A thin line of land is visible behind them.

Mike Brody's catamaran and Reeves' Tornado are neck and neck, both straining to hold as tight to the wind as they can.

REEVES
(calling to Mike)
Gonna block your wind, sport --

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED 169

MIKE
Stand by to ram!

Horselaughs from Sideburns and Reeves, ready to ward them off. Mike deftly angles his boat and bumps them...again....

REEVES
My paint!! Asshole.

Mike cleverly hangs back a moment, then bumps them from behind...Andy laughs admiringly.

Reeves is livid. He tenderly rubs the spot where Mike has chipped the paint on his catamaran.

REEVES
(yelling at Mike)
You're paying for this!

Crunch...Mike gives it to him again. Reeves is having a fit. Screw the paint -- he strikes back ---

170 UNDERWATER - THE TWO CATAMARANS 170

pontoons banging, almost tangling, then banging again ---

171 SURFACE 171

They streak past Doug's inflatable. Attaching his pump to the valve of his leaky compartment --it's noticeably softer now-- he proceeds to stamp away at the foot pump as hard and fast as he can. Passed by everyone on the way out, now he's passed again by everyone on the way back.

First the girls' boat with Sean:

LAURA
(passing)
Haven't I seen you someplace before?

This cracks Sean up. Doug ignores them -- keeps pumping. Then the Redhead, slowing a little as she passes:

REDHEAD
You need help? Wind's backing around.

He shakes his head and she goes on. Then Polo's sloop:

POLO
Hey! You look familiar!

172 AHEAD - MIKE AND REEVES 172

turn into their windward tack.

REDHEAD
(calling to them)
We'd do better going the other way!

MIKE
(it's far)
To the Cape?!

Reeves' Tornado is already turning in that direction.

ANDY
(to Mike)
Easier than beating our way back to Amity -- be dark before we make it.

ANGELA
Make it to the Cape easy with this wind.

MIKE
And then what?

ANGELA
Sleep on the beach -- you chicken?

Mike hesitates, sneaks a look at Andy.

ANDY
Okay with me, but what about your father?

MIKE
Too late, I've already had it. Might as well enjoy it. Yeah.
(changing course, shouts to those behind him)
The Cape! To the Cape!

173 UNDERWATER 173

From the Shark's point of view we see far above us the shadows of the sailboats -- all turning to run before the wind again.

174 DOUG'S INFLATABLE 174

In the "lead" once more, he's still stamping away at his pump.

175 UNDERWATER 175

Faint sound of the thudding foot pump from above...and we see the Shark, moving in a zigzag, excited ---

176 DOUG 176

pumping...the compartment swelling taut ---

177 UNDERWATER 177

Homing in, the Shark circles upward, the thudding louder as the beast rises toward it...then still louder ending with an explosive sound ---

178 SURFACE 178

Hoots of laughter at Doug: the compartment has burst and he's standing up in chagrin; no danger of sinking, he's still water-tight. And now:

179 THE FIN 179

rears above the surface. He sees it gliding toward him, tail hissing through the water.

Mike's catamaran is heading straight at him ---

DOUG
Help!! Help!!

Doug's holding onto his mast, watching the fin. It dips, then comes up right beside him and slices through the other compartment of his inflatable...air rushing out....

180 TWO BOATS 180

converge as they hurry toward him, collide with each other... sails flying free...shouts...bumping and pushing....

181 CLOSE DOUG 181

He's frantically turning to see where Mike is, then he's whirled up along with his boat through the air ---

182 CLOSE - MIKE AND ANDY 182

appalled at the sight ahead ---

183 THE SHARK 183

has seized the inflatable in its jaws, shaking it like a terrier with a rat in its mouth. Doug can't hold on. He's pitched into the water and swims toward Mike's boat for all he's worth.

184 MIKE'S CATAMARAN 184

heading toward Doug ---

MIKE
(terrified)
Where is it? Where'd it go?

They reach out and grab Doug -- the boat tips...screams... Mike throws himself across to balance as Doug struggles onto the catamaran.

The demolished inflatable bobs to the surface.

ANDY
Head away from that.

But which way is safe to go?

MIKE
WHERE IS IT?

ANDY
Hurry! Just go!

The other boats are coming on ---

ANDY
(has Mike's whistle)
Warn them ---

He gives a blast and all at once the catamaran beneath them is lifted out of the water. The four of them are first hurled to one side -- Mike bangs his head -- and then, as their boat capsizes, they're all four pitched into the sea.

185 OVERTURNED CATAMARAN 185

Three heads bob up, swivelling around to see -- and with horror they do see ---

186 THE SHARK AT EYE LEVEL 186

weaving around them. Their catamaran is drifting. The three of them thrash toward it, the fin on the other side of it now, coming back. They claw at the hull. Doug scrambles up and reaches back for Angela. Andy wallows onto the canvas stretched between the pontoons.

The three of them gasp for breath, looking around wildly ---

ANDY
Where's Mike??

He's floating half-conscious back where they turned over.

187 POLO'S SLOOP 187

tacking swiftly toward him, Polo leaning out to grab him, scared, looking for the fin ---

188 OTHER BOATS 188

maneuver in confusion. One is getting away.

The girls with Sean are terror-stricken. Turning to flee the scene, they cut across the path of boats going to help. A near collision with one -- and they plow straight into the side of another, almost impaling its occupant.

189 THE SHARK 189

is circling. A skiff veers too sharply into the wind and turns over, tumbling two boys into the sea.

190 POLO'S SLOOP 190

is running for it with Mike aboard. Coming to, Mike looks around -- where are the rest of them?

MIKE
(yelling)
SEAN!!?
(to Polo)
We gotta go back.

Polo keeps going.

191 TWO BOYS 191

are climbing onto the hull of their overturned skiff. The Shark angles toward them with short sweeps of its crescent tail. They draw their legs up, cringing...a jarring impact as the giant snout bashes their hull.

192 REEVES' TORNADO 19

appears, swinging in between the overturned boats. He's holding a coil of rope, not sure where to throw it. He flings it toward the skiff, then staggers backward as the fin slices by a few feet in front of him, nearly as tall as he is.

The girls with Sean are kicking the splintered dinghy, trying to free it from their bow.

Andy flings a line to them.

ANDY
Pull all the boats togeth...

Another butting charge by the Shark knocks him to his knees. A scream of pain as Angela is thrown into a center board.

ANDY
(to everyone)
Pull in --- pull in ---

193 BOATS CONVERGING 19

Reeves sails his Tornado up onto the half-submerged frame of the catamaran.

ANDY
Pull in -- throw that line over there ---

The boats all draw together: Reeves pulls in the capsized skiff. The girls haul in. The Redhead's Sunfish is the last boat in.

ANDY
(to Redhead)
Lash that to your mast!
(she hesitates)
We have to tie them up! All of them!!

REDHEAD
No -- !

CONTINUED

193 CONTINUED 19

ANDY
Alone nobody has a chance!!

Two boys leap onto her Sunfish, tip it on its side, and lash her mast to theirs, making a barrier.

Panicky disorder. Sails rip, rigging tangles. Boats are hauled on top of other boats and lashed haphazardly together. A hopefully protective little island.

SEAN
(to Angela)
You're bleeding.

She looks down. The slash isn't deep.

SEAN
(softly to Andy)
Where's Mike?

ANDY
He's okay.

ANGELA
They got away.

She looks into the boy's terrified eyes...at the fearful faces of the others watching for the next attack...what have they gotten into? Screams as the Shark, unseen below, butts their raft of boats.

Andy lifts himself up to the top of the heap.

ANDY
Here! Everybody up here!

Angela helps Sean up -- the others are scurrying up now too. Clinging to the pile of boats: six boys and four girls, cold, wet, shivering, the full extent of their predicament hitting them. Angela scans the ocean, and we see from her point of view the two escaping boats, distant now, making for Winter Island. One of them is Polo's sloop, its back sail gliding through the haze like the fin of a shark.

CUT TO

193-A P.D. BOAT - CLOSE SHOT - MAP 19

Brody traces the anticipated course of the sailboats from where the chopper intercepted them to the lighthouse.

194 OFF THE LIGHTHOUSE - P.D. BOAT 19

Brody desperately searches the horizon. Haze, no sails. Where are his kids? They should be here! The sun is sinking! Which way should he go?

CUT TO

195 BESIEGED SAILBOATS - HAZY SUNSET 19

A splintering crash again rocks the floating island. Kids grab onto anything they can. The Redhead slips down into the water between boats. The Shark hits the sailboats again, pinning her legs, grinding them between gunnels, the blow jolting Sean down into a swamped dinghy where Reeves is trying to detach the mast.

Before Sean can get back up, the Shark hits again...and again... the battering coming too fast for anyone to hold on. They fall, clutching at anything, shouting, slipping...And then it stops.

The Redhead is gone. A dark cloud billows up in the water between the boats where she disappeared. Silence. The "raft" rocks gently.

SOMEONE
Oh, My God, Oh God ---

Someone's weeping, someone's reciting The Lord's Prayer, and terror among them is reaching unbearable proportions.

REEVES
(to Sideburns)
Give me a hand.

They pull up on the mast -- it sticks in its socket.

SIDEBURNS
That won't keep it off anyway.

But they go on working at it, chipping at the corrosion that's frozen it in place.

ANDY
(re-lashing things together)
A few more times and all of us -- It's battering us to pieces.

ANGELA
It can get us any time it really wants to.

Clouds are gathering as the light fades. A foggy haze hangs over darkening water. They're cold and wet. Sean crawls over to Andy -- he's trembling, crying.

CONTINUED

195 CONTINUED 195

SEAN
(whispering)
I peed my pants --

Andy puts his arm around him.

CUT TO

196 P. D. BOAT - BRODY 196

Behind him, the revolving beam of the lighthouse is disappearing in fog. Where are they, for God's sake. He puts his running lights on.

CUT TO

197 BESIEGED SAILBOATS - ANDY AND SEAN 197

ANDY
When we're not back they'll send that helicopter out again.

SEAN
(thinks)
But how will they see us? It's getting dark...

ANDY
(moving away)
Then they'll find us in the morning.

BOY
(as Andy join him)
-- If we can keep this thing together that long.

ANDY
Maybe it's had enough.

ANGELA
What if they don't ever have enough?

She looks toward Winter Island. It's farther away now -- only a line of the horizon, disappearing in the dusk.

BOY
We're drifting --!

ANGELA
I'm sure they went to get help.

CONTINUED

197 CONTINUED 19

BOY
If they made it.

ANGELA
Somebody'll spot them...

Sean is shivering. Angela takes off her windbreaker and puts it around him. She's wearing a halter top. Something is hanging out of it.

SEAN
What's that?

She looks down to see, trailing from under her left breast, a nylon stocking. Gasping, she stuffs it back in, but it's too late. They've seen. Everyone knows her secret...falsies. Reeves wears a stupid grin.

ANGELA
So what? Big Deal.

REEVES
No. Small deal.

The rigging creaks with a gentle shifting of the "raft."

ANDY
It's back!

They brace themselves. A long scraping from below and then, very slowly, as the Shark runs its body against submerged areas, the "raft" begins to rotate. A flapping sail starts to tear along a seam. And then, as they turn away from the wind, all the booms swing violentely across at once. They're turning in a circle.

ANGELA
(softly)
What's it DOING?

For a moment nothing. Then, thirty yards away, the fin appears.

BOY
(to Reeves)
HURRY!

They wrench the mast free. Reeves carries it to the edge of the raft, looking to his right --

ANDY
No, this side! This side!

CONTINUED

197 CONTINUED -- 2 197

Reeves turns toward it bracing himself. Behind him the others watch as he holds the mast out over the water like a lance, following the movement of the fin. The raft is still turning enough to make it hard for him. The Shark speeds in. Reeves stumbles to the best footing he can find, aims the mast, dips it below the surface -- and shudderingly connects. It hardly checks the Shark's momentum. Reeves is barely able to maintain his grip on the mast as the whole floating conglomeration is shoved through the water for a few seconds.

Reeves lowers the mast, wincing with pain.

REEVES
My ribs --

Andy takes the mast as the Shark circles again. Andy braces. He's scared. And here it comes.

Andy lowers the mast but this charge is even more ferocious. The impact drives the mast back through his hands and arms, friction-burning. He nearly drops it. The castaways perched above him cling on through the impact, watching the battle, still frightened but feeling less like sitting ducks since some opposition is being offered.

And now the Shark comes in for the third time. Again Andy aims the mast -- but this time the Shark seizes it in its jaws, biting down with an awful crunch. He holds on as the Shark jerks the mast from side to side sending up showers of spray. He's nearly pulled overboard then hurled back stunned, the bent mast yanked out of his grasp and sent flying high in the air.

He gingerly climbs to join the huddled group...watching and waiting. There's nothing they can do...but keep their eyes riveted on the relentlessly circling fin....

CUT TO

198 AT SEA - BRODY 198

The P.D. Boat reduces speed as it nears Winter Island. Hauled up out of the rocky surf are the two escaped sailboats. Faint shouts. Brody can barely make out the forms of the Kids in the dusk.

BRODY
(peering tensely, calling)
MIKE?! SEAN?

CONTINUED

198 CONTINUED 198

More clearly now, he can see five figures of equal size, no Sean. Three boys and two girls, yelling and waving their arms.

MIKE
(calling)
Yeah Dad!

BRODY
(shouting ahead)
Mike! Where's Sean?

The Kids are yelling but he can't hear them over the motor and the waves crashing on the rocks.

BRODY
What? Where are the others?

They start to splash out to him but Brody signals them to stay where they are.

He carefully threads his way closer to shore. He's within hearing range now and can make out what they're saying.

MIKE
They're between here and the Cape! Get out there quick Dad! There's a shark...

BRODY
(grabs the radio-phone)
MAYDAY! MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

199 LONG SHOT - THE P.D. BOAT 199

is broadside to the Kids, slowly turning as they climb aboard. Brody's on the radio, his words lost in the surf. The boat's getting closer to the rocks.

200 CLOSE - BRODY 200

does his best to hold the boat where it is ---

BRODY
(on radio)
Somewhere between here and the Cape! Send your chopper out and tell me where, I'll get to them -- over.
(starting to turn the boat around he calls to Mike)
Is Sean all right?

CONTINUED

200 CONTINUED 200

MIKE
I don't know, I didn't see!
Hurry Dad!

A grinding from below. The boat's on the rocks. He reverses, rips back across, tries forward again -- stops. He's aground.

CUT TO

201 THE SAILBOATS 201

The whole heap is violently rocking -- the Shark is bashing from below now, unseen, as the fear-numbed castaways regroup themselves, getting up as high on the flotsam as they can.

ANDY
(trying to encourage)
We're getting closer to it ---

A sand bar is a quarter-mile away.

DOUG
(bitterly)
No, we're going to pass it ---

ANDY
Maybe the wind'll change ---

Suddenly, the sound of a helicopter...they all look up.

202 FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW - HELICOPTER 202

coming in through thickening fog.

203 THE BOATS 203

all waving and yelling ---

204 HELICOPTER COCKPIT 204

Spotter looking down, aghast...as Pilot reports on radio.

PILOT
Position is six point three miles
-- zero four one degrees of
Queepecket Light ---

205 FROM CHOPPER'S POINT OF VIEW 205

The castaways on the piled-up boats and the fin.

SPOTTER'S VOICE
My God!

206 COCKPIT 206

SPOTTER
(to Pilot)
Better get 'em to that sand bar ---

PILOT
(nods)
Proceeding to assist ---

207 HELICOPTER AND BOATS 207

The chopper swoops down toward them. They're cheering. It descends to 20 feet directly above them, but the down rush of buffeting air from the rotor is clearly a danger as the precarious structure rocks and tips. The Kids scream, and the chopper skitters a short distance away. It touches down, rotor still turning. The Spotter opens the hatch.

SPOTTER
(over loud-
hailer)
Okay, we'll put you on the sand bar, two at a time. First two down to the waterline, let's go.

A moment of indecision on the boats, then ---

SIDEBURNS
(to two girls)
Move it.

They make their way to the edge of the floating heap, anxiously scanning the surface around them. The chopper begins to approach. Then Sideburns spots it, the fin, surfacing on the far side of the chopper, coming toward it ---

SIDEBURNS
(shrieking and
pointing)
Look out! Look out!

The Spotter can't hear over the chopper's noise. He glances around confused. Then he sees it, head on, breaking the surface ---

CONTINUED

207 CONTINUED 207

SPOTTER
(to Pilot)
Lift off!

But before the Pilot can gain any height, the charging Shark fastens onto the chopper's substructure. Engine shrilling, metal squealing, the chopper heaves and yaws, the upward thrust of its rotor fighting the pull of the Shark -- and suddenly this sends it flipping over, upside down into the sea. The Spotter, thrown clear, comes choking to the surface.

208 UNDERWATER 208

Bent askew but still turning, the rotor chews its way into the body of the helicopter like some prehistoric creature destroying itself. The glass bubble of the cockpit begins to fill with water. Upside down and half-conscious, the Pilot struggles with his seat belt. The whirling blades bite through the metal...dark fuel rises in an oily cloud and spreads across the surface.

209 HIGH ANGLE 209

The rotary action causes the thing to crawl in an arc. It lodges in a tangle of substructure and spars against the "raft" of sailboats. The blades stop. A wisp of smoke trails up from the belly.

The Spotter swims through smudges of fuel which are rapidly extending themselves across the surface of the water.

210 UNDERWATER - SHARK'S POINT OF VIEW 210

The Spotter strokes toward the sailboats, but the Shark slides toward him faster than he moves toward safety.

211 SAILBOATS 211

The Kids desperately cheer him on. He's getting close.

212 THE SPOTTER 212

is raised half out of the water by a terrible force, flung from side to side bellowing with terror, then suddenly released. He hangs for a moment in the water, gasping for breath. He's injured, but there's nothing to do but keep swimming... a stroke...another...then it happens again.

CONTINUED

212 CONTINUED 212

The fuel has reached the sailboats and the partly submerged decks of some of them are slippery with it. Half wading, splashing, slipping, the Kids try to hold out a boom, some rigging, anything for the Spotter to grab...but he's too far away and anyway he's no longer swimming...just kind of resting in the water as if he's thinking hard about something or other.

213 UNDERWATER 213

The glass bubble fills with water and smoke too rapidly for the dazed Pilot to free himself. He fights for consciousness. Hanging upside down, he sees through the glass an indistinguishable form. At first shadowy and veiled, materializing as it approaches, mouth working as if gasping for breath, the Great White comes right up to the glass and hangs there, gills rippling. A tiny sucker fish holds fast to the unburned side of the slack, grinning jaw. The Shark's black, deadly eye is riveted on the Pilot as he breathes in water.

214 SAILBOATS 214

Andy goes in after the wounded Spotter. He swims toward him cautiously...closer and still no Shark...he swims harder, a little splashing...careful...closer, he almost has him... he reaches....

And suddenly the Spotter lunges grabbing the boy in the death hug of a drowning. dying full-grown man.

A half-second later the Shark hits full force and Andy's alone in bloody water...A shower of flaming chunks of metal descends as the helicopter's belly erupts in a volcano of exploding fuel.

The fire spreads across the water in jagged leaps.

The raft of sailboats is on fire. Slick places in the water smoulder. By the time he makes it back to the boats, Andy's shoulders have been singed.

The Kids have nothing adequate to hold water to fling on the flames that are consuming the helicopter and rapidly spreading through the tangled rigging and sails of their "raft."

The heat is unbearable at such close quarters. The surrounding fog glows an angry hot pink.

CONTINUED

214 CONTINUED 214

ANGELA
I can't stand this -- I'm going in.

GIRL
No --

ANGELA
I'm not gonna burn to death.

She goes in. They wait for the attack but nothing happens. It gets hotter by the second.

REEVES
I'm going in too.

He slips in and hangs onto the raft looking about terrified. No shark. Oily smoke twists up from flaming nautical plastics. Some of the Kids try breathing through wet clothing wrapped across their faces. The unbearable heat forces them all into the water. Their "raft" is riding lower. Crying and scared, Sean is held tight by one of the girls.

215 UNDERWATER 215

The Kids hang on the surface like parasites around the rim of the glowing "raft."

CUT TO

216 OFF WINTER ISLAND - THE P.D. BOAT 216

is still on the rocks. The Kids are in the water, working to free it. Brody is on the radiophone.

BRODY
Why -- what's wrong?

COAST GUARD (v.o.)
We don't know. The chopper's just not answering. It went dead.

In agonized frustration, Brody stares off. In the distance the sky is lit with a pink glow. The Kids stop working --

SOMEONE (v.o.)
What's that?

CUT TO

217 THE "RAFT" OF SAILBOATS 217

is still on fire, the castaways hanging off it. Doug and Andy grab lungsful of air, and dive.

218 UNDERWATER - THEIR POINT OF VIEW 218

Great dark forms of the broken boats hang beneath the surface, the sail billowing downward in the current. No sign of the Shark. The boys swim as fast as they can under the "raft."

They come up in a pocket of air trapped beneath the overturned catamaran, groping blindly in maddening little compartments until they find what they came for, a fire extinguisher. The body of the Pilot hangs upside down, head nodding in the water-filled glass bubble. Gasping, Doug and Andy speed to the surface.

219 LONG SHOT 219

The glow in the fog diminishes as they get the fire under control.

220 CLOSER 220

Whisps of smoke trail from charred rigging. One by one the Kids pull themselves back onto the raft, watching, always watching the water. Cold and wet, there is still a glimmer of hope as they huddle together in the night air.

ANDY
I think it's gone.

SOMEONE
Maybe the explosion scared it off.

CUT TO

221 OFF WINTER ISLAND - THE P. D. BOAT 221

Mike and the others are in the water rocking the boat -- it grates off the rocks and floats free. Brody starts the engine immediately, and turns the boat around, Mike climbing aboard...

BRODY
No, stay here.

MIKE
But I have to help you...I shouldn't have taken the boat out...I'm respon...

CONTINUED

221 CONTINUED 221

BRODY
(hugs him)
That doesn't matter, Mike. You stay here. At least I know you're safe.

MIKE
(near tears, looks at his father)
But I don't want you to go, Dad. I'm afraid for you...

BRODY
I'll pick you up. On the way back. Okay?
(Mike nods)

222 MIKE 222

jumps down and makes his way to shore, Brody keeping his searchlight on him until he reaches land...Mike turns a worried face to him, and waves. They look at each other. They may never see one another again...

CUT TO

223 RAFT OF SAILBOATS - NIGHT 223

Still no sign of the Shark. Just black water, wind in the rigging, the terror and mystery of the sea at night. The Kids are still...a few asleep or trying to...everything's quiet, except for Reeves' labored breathing. Sean is looking at him. He hasn't forgotten the older boy threw him in the water. Reeves meets his eyes, and for a long inscrutable moment, their gazes lock...nothing is said.

CUT TO

224 AT SEA - P. D. BOAT - BRODY 224

sees something ahead, slows down. Seagulls are sleeping on the water, but there's something else there, drifting...a shapeless object. Fearing the worst, he cuts his motor and turns his spotlight on it. Doug's demolished inflatable. He snags it with a boathook and lifts the thing a little. In the beam of light: a great jagged curve where the Shark has bitten through. Brody is frozen. It's not a dream, he's coming closer, closer to the real thing, closer to death. In the water there's a soft lapping, a slapping sound. He turns his beam...around the inflatable a small shark...another... another...

CONTINUED

224 CONTINUED 224

He spears down at them impotently with the pole. Suddenly a rush of wings as all around him the sleeping gulls lift off, whirring in confusion through the beam of his light and screaming off into the night.

Silence again. Then, all at once the little sharks disappear. It's here. Brody knows it's here...

He carefully reaches for his gun...eases the safety off. For an eternity, nothing happens. Brody is ready. The boat lifts gently with a passing swell -- the dragging rake creaks in its brace. He drifts and waits...poised....

He turns the lights off. In the darkness the sound of water lapping, the wind, and a soft metallic click: his gun is cocked.

He stirs the water with the boathook...nothing happens. Drawing a deep breath, he reaches carefully down with his hand and brushes the surface with his fingers. Gaining courage he gives a tentative pat, then more...he slaps at the surface. His gun ready, he puts his hand all the way in and flutters it like a wounded fish. He turns the searchlight on and shines it in the water...nothing there but his hand, stone-white, enlarged, and dead-looking in the water.

Maybe he's wrong. Maybe it's not here and he's losing valuable time...he'd better get the Kids. He goes to start the boat -- and there's a low scraping sound against the hull. Scanning the water he sees nothing. Again the pulling beneath him, stronger this time. Brody raises the gun, and throws the motor on. There...a glimpse of the fin in the spotlight! Two quick shots smack the water and the Shark is gone.

225 CHASE 225

Brody pursues the ghostly form through the fog. It glides before him like a reflection of the moon racing across the water, leading him as much as fleeing, a dark mirage that he follows with a strange elation, curving after it first one way then another, never quite getting a shot...becoming hopelessly turned around.

Pushing the throttle hard, aiming his gun, he closes on the Shark, but it sounds, disappearing like an apparition. He races ahead, turns back, turns around in every direction looking for the Shark, fighting to control the wheel, the gun held loosely in his hand --

226 A BUTTING CHARGE 226

by the Shark lifts the bow off the water, throws Brody against the rail --

227 THE GUN 227

flies up into the air and spirals down with an irretrievable plot into the water.

He can't believe it...beats at the boat with his fists.

BRODY
(roaring)
You son of a bitch!

He looks around. Out of sight of everything, completely turned around...he's lost. He cuts the motor and drifts in silence. He reaches for the radio. And then he hears it...very faint, in the distance...a whistle, a police whistle, faint but unmistakable. Brody listens...peers out into the fog... listens again.

CUT TO

228 RAFT OF SAILBOATS 228

Andy is blowing the whistle. About to give another blast, he breaks off --

ANDY
Lights.

Rigid and silent, they gaze out to sea. There through the fog, a glowing aura from the lights of the oncoming P. D. Boat. It's turning toward them --

SOMEONE
They see us!!

Shouts and cheers. From somewhere in the wreckage there's an ominous creak. They stiffen, looking down --

SOMEONE
It's underneath us --!

SIDEBURNS
(pauses, listening)
No, something shifted.

229 P.D. BOAT AND SAILBOATS 229

Brody sees silhouetted against the fog, the group on the floating wreckage, twenty yards ahead. They're calling to him to hurry. His eyes strain to see if his son is there --

BRODY
(calling)
Are you all right?

SEAN
Daddy! Help Daddy! Help!

Brody sees him now, standing up, smaller than the others...He looks okay. Brody almost weeps with relief.

BRODY
Are you all right?

SEAN
Yes! But I'm scared -- get me off of here!!

BRODY
Okay Sean don't worry, I'll get you! Is everybody safe?

ANDY
No.

230 UNDERWATER - THE "RAFT" 230

The downward sail sways in the current. A boom swings. The burned helicopter still hangs there. High above us, Brody's hull comes alongside the jagged wreckage.

231 SURFACE 231

Too many Kids try to get off at once. They rush toward the edge, cling as the raft tips almost vertical for a moment.

They regroup, balancing. Brody draws in for another try.

BRODY
Two at a time..easy...be careful...

SIDEBURNS
It's okay, it's gone.

They look around, guessing how their weight is distributed.

CONTINUED

231 CONTINUED 231

ANDY
(points to Reeves
and Sideburns)
You two better go first.

Very gingerly they start to get down. Reeves is pale. Every breath hurts his broken ribs...maybe he's dizzy... perilously unsteady on his feet for such a delicate operation. He and Sideburns step out on the canvas framework stretched between the pontoons of the half-submerged catamaran -- a tentative step, another, the whole framework tipping gently as they work their way out. Reeves slides a little -- Sideburns steadies him. They're wading knee-deep. Another step...another...a few more and they'll be to the P.D. Boat...another....

231-A BRODY 231-

reaches for them ---

232 THE HUGE BURNED HEAD 232

comes up right through the canvas, ripping the heavy fabric -- hangs up there straining for the boys -- and crashes heavily down shearing the metal framework and pitching the boys back onto the "raft."

233 BRODY 233

circles and comes in for another try...a shower of spray as the Shark's tail lashes the boat. And almost immediately another swipe jars the wreckage...screams....

Maybe it won't let him get them. He backs off to think.

234 THE SHARK 234

wheels back and forth between his boat and the sailboats. For a moment Brody is transfixed by his first good look at the thing. Its pale head half-shrouded in scar tissue, brushing the sailboats.

Some of the kids are getting desperate.

SOMEONE
Please -- please -- get us off ---

235 BRODY 235

comes in fast. Two are ready on the belly of the chopper, he's almost got them when the Shark rams into his boat with such driving impact that everyone is stunned. It's as if it has been waiting for this moment to unleash its full power.

Brody snatches up a lifesaver attached to a coil of line and flings it toward the wreckage with all his might -- maybe he can tow them -- the ring falls short ---

236 UNDERWATER 236

The line smacks the surface and lies there like a snake. A few yards from the ring, water washes over a half-submerged pontoon. Sideburns' feet wade out on it. From the depths the Shark is rising.

A pole enters the water...trying to snag the ring ---

237 SURFACE 237

Sideburns hooks it and pulls it closer...now he can reach it with his hands....

The Shark bursts up only feet away. He jerks the ring over his head...the Shark mustn't get that line.

SIDEBURNS
Take it -- get it up high -- !

Andy hauls the line up, stretching it between them and the P.D. Boat. As the line goes taut the Shark wheels under it and back again, as if daring them to proceed.

ANDY
(calling to Brody)
The sandbar -- over there ---

Brody turns the searchlight to a shallow criss-cross of tiny waves washing over a sandbar. About a hundred yards away. It couldn't be more than ankle-deep.

238 BRODY 238

tries to tow the "raft." He revs his engine. A shifting, a grinding as the wreckage realigns itself to this new force. Screams of "no" and "stop"...He eases off a

CONTINUED

238 CONTINUED 238

little but continues cautiously to pull it toward the sandbar. The Shark dips and twists, its rhythm more agitated, whipping back and forth under the tow-line.

239 SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS 239

The Kids are all clumped close together now, up high, prayerfully measuring the distance to the sandbar. Another shift. A wire halyard strains taut and snaps, whistling like a whip past their ears.

240 FIFTY YARDS 240

Crash, the Shark hits the sailboats hard -- and circles to come in again ---

241 FORTY YARDS 241

They're drawing closer now --- a thump and heavier spray.

242 THIRTY YARDS 242

a terrible grinding -- the "raft" scrapes bottom. Hanging far down underneath, like an iceberg, it stops -- twenty-five yards from the sandbar. Brody strains his engine. A tearing. The whole precarious heap is beginning to come apart. He can't get them any closer. He doesn't know what to do.

243 THE KIDS 243

have reached the breaking point...so close to safety...

BOY
Come on! Pull us in!

GIRL
(screaming)
Please -- please -- take us ---

244 BRODY 244

lowers himself over the side of his boat.

BRODY
When I say go, you GO!

245 SEAN 245

is appalled, nearly biting through his lip. His father hangs there dangling his body in the water. What's he doing? Brody kicks and splashes. The Shark turns from the raft and cruises in Brody's direction.

BRODY
GO!!!

246 THE KIDS 246

They must go in the water. They hesitate.

247 BRODY 247

churning the water, watching the Shark arc toward him.

BRODY
Go, Godammit, GO! NOW!

248 KIDS 248

Three of them slip into the water and swim as silently as possible for the sandbar. Angela, Laura and Doug.

Shivering in anticipation, the Shark comes straight at Brody. He pulls himself up, feet slipping, just as the Shark drives its mouth into the side of the boat where he was hanging.

The Kids are halfway to the sandbar, swimming hard.

The Shark comes at the boat again, in a rage, battering the transom, splintering it -- Then it suddenly stops --

The swimmers are splashing toward shore. It's heard them... it's turning --

BRODY
Look out -- it's coming!

249 THE SWIMMERS 249

splash and scream, swimming blindly toward the sandbar. Angela is expecting it any second. Laura is like a rabbit, caught, watching the fin come closer. Doug grabs her by the hair and hauls her up on the sandbar. Angela crawls up on her hands and knees, crying.

The first three are safe.

250 P. D. BOAT - BRODY 250

plunges his whole body up and down in the water. The Shark turns back toward him, coming fast --

BRODY
GO!

251 FIVE MORE KIDS 251

hit the water and make for the sandbar.

252 THE SHARK 252

goes under.

253 BRODY 253

twisting, looking for the Shark, making as much disturbance in the water as he can.

254 UNDERWATER 254

On the surface high above us, the small forms of the five swimmers, arms and legs thrashing through the water...The Shark rising ---

255 BRODY SPLASHING 255

A scream -- he sees --

256 THE FIN 256

appearing in the water behind the swimmers.

KATHY
Oh God, oh, GOD! Oh, God...

REEVES
IT TOUCHED ME!

The Kids on the raft are frantic...Pulling himself back up on his boat, Brody staggers toward the controls.

257 UNDERWATER 257

Reeves is swimming madly, the Shark nosing his legs.

CONTINUED

257 CONTINUED 257

It nuzzles the scarred side of its head along his torso, scraping it raw. It turns and brushes Kathy with the entire length of its sandpaper back.

258 SURFACE - KATHY 258

her face deadly white, shrieks in panic and pain.

259 UNDERWATER - THE SHARK 259

comes up beneath them for another pass. It presses its giant snout deep into Reeves' belly testing his soft vital organs, smelling, savoring --

260 REEVES 260

screams as if he's dying. Another pass by the Shark, a glimpse of Kathy's raw chest, and Brody rams the Shark with the prow of his boat, driving right up onto its back. A flick of its tail and it's gone.

261 THE SANDBAR 261

The boys pull Kathy and Reeves up, raw, but intact. Eight are safe. Brody turns his spotlight ---

262 THE "RAFT" 262

Three remain: Sideburns, Andy -- and Sean, whimpering with fear, rocking now with each blow as the enraged Shark, returning to finish off the "raft," is battering, ripping, breaking it apart. The boys hang on as the much-reduced wreckage is destroyed from under them. The monster heaves upward through it, pitching Sideburns into a jagged pipe-end of the catamaran's framework, and shearing off two boats.

263 BRODY - P. D. BOAT 263

heading toward them.

264 THE THREE 264

Sideburns is bleeding. Very little holds them now -- and with another blow they're thrown into the water.

Brody has Sean, he's hauling him onto the boat, hugging him... Andy is swimming for the sandbar...

265 SIDEBURNS 265

is in the water. Brody hurls him a lifesaver ring...Sideburns swims for all he's worth, reaching for it -- and suddenly he's being propelled toward it.

SIDEBURNS
(staring at Brody)
BRODY -- !

One arm waving, hanging onto the life-line with the other, still being propelled, he's being shaken. He twists the line around his arm.

SIDEBURNS
(hoarsely)
PULL UP -- PULL UP !!

Brody pulls against a great opposing force. He's not able to pull him in...then something gives ---

His mouth open with horror, Brody continues to pull Sideburns up...but only half of him. His torso, severed at the waist, is pouring blood into the water. And right behind him, following the stream of blood --

266 THE HUGE BURNED HEAD 266

open-jawed, black eyes catching the spotlight, worse than any dream, it rises up in Brody's face. Bloody spray flies. Brody goes wild. The dragging rake. He grabs it. Out of control now, beyond reason, he brings the metal rake crashing down. It glances off the marble skin. The Shark hits the gunnel a sledge-hammer thud. Water pours in. Brody chops at the Shark, again, it bounces off. In a blinding rage he hurls the rake with all his strength at the Shark's head...and catches it in the eye.

Brody is ecstatic as the giant struggles to get free of the "hook," then to his horror finds the boat's being pulled along swiftly in the water, stripping line from the winch.

267 THE SHARK 267

is fleeing with the rake embedded in its head. It twists and shakes but the metal claw sinks deeper.

268 BRODY AND SEAN 268

drawn along behind, their boat taking water as it careens through the waves. Sean clings to something and it suddenly inflates around him, mashing him into the transom. The rubber Res-Q-Raft.

269 THE SHARK 269

rises into the air, shakes to free itself of the thing...and sounds. Black waves cover its going.

270 THE P.D. BOAT 270

stops. The line goes slack. The Shark doesn't come up.

SEAN
Where is it? Is it gone?

The fog is lifting. In the distance the lights of Amity twinkle like stars.

271 BRODY 271

operates the winch. It comes up slowly...something very heavy on it. Dead weight...the Shark is dead, it must be that. Coming...coming up...it's pulling the boat down. The water's over Brody's knees now. Sean clings to the rubber raft. It's almost up...now it's surfacing, pulling the already swamped boat down further.

Brody swivels the searchlight, leans out to see what's coming up, holding his breath...to his alarm it's the electrical cable caught in the teeth of the rake. It's pulling the boat under! He tries to stop the winch but he can't. It strains and burns with the weight of its load.

He forces the controls, they jam and strip, the winch goes into high, spinning the cable up out of the water, whirling the rake to the top, snagging there, and stopping --

272 THE P.D. BOAT 272

is level with the waves, the six-inch high-powered electric cable from the mainland draped like an enormous snake over the back of the boat. Brody tries to lift it off. And there, a distance from the boat --

273 THE SHARK SURFACES 273

The boat is settling deeper in the water. The searchlight shorts out. Darkness. The Shark moves slowly toward them. No need to hurry.

274 BRODY 274

Hammers at the cable, can't get it off. He splashes to the cockpit -- a few cylinders cough to life, he jams a lever, the boat strains against the cable, engine noises rise to a shriek, and stop. They're caught.

275 THE GREAT WHITE 275

swims slowly in a wide circle.

The boat is level with the water, and the rubber raft drifts away from it, attached only by a rope. Sean splashes toward it and climbs in. Brody's mind is racing.

A flick of its tail and the Shark turns in.

Too frightened to scream, Sean watches the white body slide langorously through the water toward them.

276 THE FIN 276

crosses in front of Sean...so close...in front of his face... higher than the raft...enormous. Brody screams...he would kill the thing with his hands...it hits the boat with the force of a comet, and with a great lunge, hurls itself onto the sinking deck, mouth open, its bloody eye a lurid pit. A terrible grinding snap as the teeth just miss Brody's legs --- he falls back gasping, eyes riveted. Beating its tail, the Shark comes across the boat after him. Brody splashes madly for the rubber raft.

277 THE SHARK 277

plunges into the water, and disappears.

278 BRODY'S HANDS 278

tear at the rope holding the rubber raft...the knot's too tight. Sean screams. Twenty yards away the fin surfaces and slips like a blade through the black waves toward them.

279 BRODY 279

jumps into the rubber raft with Sean...they're trapped! Now, picking up speed, the Shark beats its way in for the kill.

280 BRODY 280

on an impulse, grabs the cable with both hands and pulls the raft behind it.

281 THE CABLE 281

is the only thing between them and death. Beyond it, its frenzy peaking, the ravenous beast devours everything in its path...only the cable stands between it and the thing it wants...

BRODY
(a flash of realization)
Come on -- come on --

282 THE JAWS OPEN WIDE 282

reach and strain for Brody -- and close like a great steel gate on the cable, biting deep --

283 THE GREAT WHITE 283

rises up on its tail, thrashing and vibrating as 60,000 volts tear through it.

284 THE CABLE 284

twists and whips as spasms wrack the creature. Sheets of electrical fire roll down its enormous body.

285 BRODY AND SEAN 285

cleave to each other safe in their rubber raft, as sparks shower around them.

286 THE SHARK 286

Aglow, brilliantly lit against the night sky, dancing on its tail. In the distance the lights of Amity dim, and die.

287 UNDERWATER 287

the Great White drifts silently down into darkness.

288 A STAR 28

streaks across the sky, hangs like a jewel for a moment, and fades over --

289 THE RUBBER RAFT 28

Sean weeps in his father's arms. Then, smiling to himself, Brody reaches for the oar, and slowly begins to paddle toward the sandbar. The Kids are cheering. Sean, tears streaming down his face, gallantly waves to them.

BRODY
Finally got your brother to take you sailing, didn't you.

SEAN
They made me come.

THE END